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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE crisis that developed during last week-end over the Government's Indian policy has passed off here without eruption; but that is not to say that the ultimate effect on Indian opinion of the Viceroy's statement may not be grave. Readers of this REVIEW will not have been surprised by the turn events took: a month ago we wrote that the Government were contemplating a premature move in the Indian situation and that a crisis was more than a possibility. That things were not worse than they were is due to alarms raised in the interval. The most remarkable side of the episode was not the almost incredible bad manners of the Government in omitting to consult the Simon Commission, but their quite indefensible recklessness in persisting in their policy when the disapproval of individual members of the Commission was well

known to them. To take refuge behind the Viceroy was no defence. Nor was there validity in quoting earlier speeches by other statesmen to justify Lord Irwin's declaration: it was the time even more than the substance of the declaration that was ill-chosen. The Commission was appointed by statute to define the extent—if any—and pace of development of the Montagu-Chelmsford experiment. To anticipate its report even by so vague and ambiguous a promise of Dominion status as the Viceroy made was a quite astounding blunder.

But, being done, it could not be undone without worse damage. The effect on Indian opinion of divided counsels at home involving a possible repudiation of the Viceroy was bound to have been deplorable. In the circumstances the Opposition probably did the wise thing in not pressing their disapproval, and the Government have escaped after severe censure by Lord Birkenhead and some pertinent questioning by Lord Reading in the

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Lords, to which the debate in the Commons added little of either enlightenment or mitigation. Lord Parmoor told Lord Reading that the Viceroy's declaration implied no change in policy. Then why was it made at all? The folly becomes gratuitous. The explanation of the *Daily Mail's* excited *canard* is interesting. There seems no doubt that the *Mail* was right in suggestion but wrong in fact. But it was even more wrong in the over-emphasis it placed on a quite ordinary occurrence. Mr. Baldwin did change his mind, but about the Simon letter, not about Lord Irwin's statement. And why shouldn't he? There is no blunder in setting aside approval given under a misapprehension.

Having jeopardized the future of India by going past the Statutory Commission, the Government explain that as regards the mode of approach to Dominion status they will most meekly await the recommendations of that Commission. But suppose that the Commission, being charged to consider what can be done now or soon and not what may or may not be feasible generations hence, does not contemplate Dominion status. What is to happen in such a situation? Will the Government swallow their own declaration? Or will they seek to throw over the Commission? For the moment, they are understood to be finding some comfort in the statement of the European Association of India that the declaration has been useful for "clarification." May we remind both the Government and the Association that incidental to clarification when clumsily conducted is the putting of the fat in the fire? It is there now, and it will sizzle abominably should the Commission report, as it well may, without proposing the instant or very early establishment of Dominion status.

The Government have passed one difficulty only to be faced by others. The dissatisfaction felt among the rank and file of the Labour Party at what is considered Miss Bondfield's unsympathetic attitude, in her capacity as Labour Minister, on the unemployment question was carried a stage further this week—and an embarrassing stage for the Government—when a party meeting pressed Miss Bondfield to such purpose to raise the rate of unemployment benefit that she undertook to bring the matter again before the Cabinet. Mr. Maxton is leading the revolt, but he has behind him a good deal of moderate opinion. There is no particular reason why unemployment pay should not be increased except the best of all possible ones that it will cost too much. The cost of raising the rates by approximately 3s. all round is estimated at over £12,000,000 a year. Where is it to come from? The taunts against Miss Bondfield for lack of sympathy are due to the—to her—credible fact that her head is larger than her heart. In this instance she has behind her an even larger head, and a harder one—to wit, Mr. Snowden's. It will be interesting to see whether they will win or whether the Government will give way to pressure.

The movement to increase unemployment benefits would not be so insistent if Mr. Thomas's projects for finding work were more encouraging.

The unemployed have been promised rapid relief, and if they cannot get it in work it is apparently the intention of part of the Labour Party that they shall have it in money. Mr. Thomas's long awaited speech on his schemes in the House on the day before Guy Fawkes' was a distressingly damp squib. He did the best he could to make little seem much by resort to the rather hollow device of reckoning in "man-months" instead of in the actual number of men for whom his schemes provide. He outlined a number of proposals, excellent in themselves, for stimulating employment while at the same time increasing the efficiency and so ultimately the wealth of the nation—road and railway development, water supply, colonial development and so on. These plans are on the right lines so far as they go, but we have heard most of them before. Last week we said it was too soon to accuse Mr. Thomas of failure. It is not so any longer. Each day it is becoming clearer that he has no systematic policy at the back of his mind. He is acting as "Minister for Unemployment" as he has been accustomed to acting all his life as an industrial diplomat—as expediency and opportunity offer, and from hand to mouth. But the two tasks are utterly unlike.

The coal situation remains most uncertain, but the possibility of a crisis is not less remote than it was last week. Indeed, it seems to be moving to a peak. The invitation issued by the Government to a joint conference between owners and miners was declined on Wednesday by the owners, and the Cabinet Coal Committee thereupon stated, with regret, what was, indeed, only too obvious—that they would have to proceed on their course without the co-operation of one of the main parties to the discussion. The owners have put themselves in the wrong by their refusal, but that is not what they care about; they have, at any rate, added considerably to the Government's immediate embarrassments and made the prospects of a settlement agreeable to both sides and to the nation much less likely. It seems that the Government will now be forced to legislate for the mines without the approval of the owners. The latter's intransigence may tempt the Government to concede more to the men's view, but the miners' representatives have so far been able to get no guarantee from them against a reduction in wages. Wages are the core of the situation. If the Government cannot bring the two sides to agreement on them, a crisis seems almost certain.

On Tuesday, the House of Commons approved of Mr. Henderson's agreement with Russia. As a result of that approval, ambassadors will be exchanged between the two countries for the first time since the establishment of the Bolshevik regime in 1917. Mr. Henderson made it clear that the Government intend to insist (how, he did not disclose) on the pledge about propaganda being kept, and added that in this matter the Third International would be regarded as the agent of the Moscow Government—thus refusing in advance the conventional Soviet excuse. The British worker is less likely to be attracted by communism if he is in employment, and the Anglo-Russian agreement should certainly lead to more work. In any case, the



British Empire is not such a jerry-built structure that it need be terrified of a little shouting outside (or even inside) its walls to the extreme extent of keeping the posterns shut tight against potential traders.

Perhaps the most welcome news of the week is the signature in Warsaw of an agreement between Germany and Poland whereby they settle most of the causes of dispute left over by the Treaty of Peace. Relations between the two countries have been embittered for years by the claim of German subjects against Poland, and Polish subjects against Germany. The Mixed Arbitral Tribunal, which had nearly 30,000 such cases pending before it, is to disappear. Germany abandons her financial claims on Poland and Poland abandons many of her rights to repurchase compulsorily the property of deceased German settlers. The agreement will undoubtedly be of great assistance in the conclusion of a commercial treaty between the two countries, and such a treaty would have an invaluable effect in increasing the stability of eastern Europe.

People in this country cannot be expected to read with enthusiasm of any French Government with M. Tardieu at its head and M. Maginot as its Minister of War. M. Maginot in particular is extremely reactionary and so filled with bitterness towards Germany that one finds it a little difficult to understand his presence in the same Cabinet as M. Briand. M. Tardieu has also made speeches in the past which do not accord very well with the policy of conciliation associated with Locarno, Geneva and the Hague. On the other hand, he is essentially a realist and should be able to understand how out of date M. Maginot's scheme of a fortified eastern frontier has now become. Further, he has spent so much time in the United States that, should the Five Power Naval Conference meet with failure owing to French obstruction, it will be on account of a definite policy rather than of a difficulty in understanding the Anglo-Saxon temperament.

It is significant that the French Press should already be arguing that the relative success of Herr Hugenberg's campaign against the Young Plan will compel France to change her mind about the date of the evacuation of German territory. It would be as logical for Germany to cancel her concessions at the Hague on the ground that the new French Government is too reactionary. Had not German republicans been too sure of themselves, and declared too soon that the nationalists would never succeed in obtaining the support of 10 per cent. of the electorate to demand a referendum on the rejection of the Young Plan, and of all other efforts towards international reconciliation, Herr Hugenberg would not be able to pretend he had won a victory. But even his powerful newspapers can hardly deny that the victory is a hollow one; since it is clear that, having experienced so much difficulty in winning the support of one-tenth of the electorate, he will never gain the votes of one half of it which are necessary if his referendum is to succeed. The German Republic is at least as stable after this onslaught as it was before it.

The Government may be almost unreservedly congratulated on the composition of the Committee appointed to enquire into the relations between Banking and Industry. The Chairman, Mr. H. P. Macmillan, K.C., has great aptitude for such investigations. The Bankers include Mr. McKenna, Lord Bradbury and Mr. Cecil Lubbock; and the economic specialists include Mr. Keynes. The terms of reference are another matter. They have a distinct party tone. But we will not press the point. What we should like to feel more confident about is the possibility of the Committee reaching something like unanimity in proposals for the more vigorous support of British enterprise at home. Certain of the banks are active enough when it is a question of assisting development abroad; few of them are other than chilly in dealing with the finance of enterprise here. The situation is very obscure, but a great many industrialists in Great Britain rightly or wrongly feel that credits which could be granted with a reasonable degree of safety to home enterprise are denied it, whether on some set policy or simply through lack of imagination.

With one reservation, we welcome the proposed transformation of the impotent Food Council into a General Consumers' Council with the obviously essential power to demand evidence on oath. What we are less happy about is the notion that compulsory powers can be applied with effect, except at the outset. No doubt for a while detected profiteers could be effectively punished, with salutary results as regards the undetected. But as soon as the trades in which profiteering occurs had recovered from the shock, ways would be found of dealing with the menace to overcharging. Prices cannot be permanently controlled by the State or any organization unless it also controls supplies. And control of supplies, and of the earlier stages of their marketing, would be an enormous and very highly controversial undertaking. It is difficult to believe that the Government, despite the utterances of Mr. Graham and Mr. Clynes, intend to enter on so vast a scheme, one over which they might easily be ejected from office.

On the eleventh anniversary of the end of the war to end war many things might be said. We must content ourselves with one. Some years ago when the practice, then prevalent, of celebrating the armistice as a gala night at restaurants and hotels threatened to diminish and deride the other aspects of the anniversary, we voiced a protest. That threat has now passed, but another and a worse is making its appearance. It was bad enough to see a solemn day of remembrance turned into an ignoble occasion for swelling the pockets of foreign caterers; it is worse to see it now being prostituted to the production of net sales certificates. Every decent emotion and instinct is outraged by the spectacle of a well-known daily newspaper appropriating Armistice Day, boosting itself and arranging demonstrations throughout the provinces, not inconceivably without an eye on circulation. The sorrow and suffering of the war belong to all of us. A million Englishmen did not die to make the world safe for circulation managers.

## THE GOVERNMENT'S PROSPECTS

THE fair skies that the Government enjoyed in their first few months of office have gone and the barometer is falling. The chief cause of the change is the now unmistakable failure of Mr. Thomas. It is not merely that he has failed to improve employment, for despite lavish promises of the Government no one really hoped for an immediate change. What has done the mischief is the demonstration he has given that Labour has nothing of its own to contribute to the solution of this problem.

On the one subject which Labour ought to have had a distinctive policy, if it is to justify its name and its boasts, it is seen to be subsisting on the ideas of the late Government. It may well be that the chief causes of our present economic troubles lie outside the reach of politics, and that the most politicians can do is to palliate the more distressing symptoms, and for the rest to place no artificial obstacles in the way of recovery; but that view, if it were sound, would be fatal to the hopes that Labour encouraged in the electorate. It has come as a painful shock, even to the least sanguine, to find Mr. Thomas without an idea in his head about unemployment that he has not borrowed from the late Government and sometimes spoilt in the borrowing. Nor has his lack of originality in the substance of his policy been redeemed by any force or skill in its presentation. Mr. Thomas has been dull, confused and vague; he has created no atmosphere of expectancy; already every reproach that was made against the last Government's policy on unemployment can be brought against Mr. Thomas's, and with far more justice, for the late Government never pretended to have a cure. It would be unfair to blame Mr. Thomas for not finding what is not there to find; but after the extravagant expectations that were aroused it is only fair to the Opposition to note that the big bubble is now pricked and the prestige of the Labour Party on its own subject has already disappeared.

Mr. Thomas's failure in his direct frontal attack of unemployment does not stand alone. Coal, allowances and pensions threaten danger on the flanks. Unless the political incapacity of the mineowners rallies support, any of these questions is capable of producing a mutiny among the Government's supporters. On this, as on all economic questions, it is not enough for Labour to do what might have been done as well or better by the other two political parties, for if the country wants the empiricism of Mr. Lloyd George or the patient ingenuity of Conservative policy, it can have them at first-hand, not at second hand from the Labour Party. The real test of the Labour Government is whether they can evolve a distinctive social and economic policy without committing themselves to the follies of their extremists, and it is precisely when this test is

applied that the disappointment with the Government is growing among their own supporters. For that reason it is not desirable that the attack should be forced: Conservatives, knowing that they can always check any threat of serious injury, have every interest in seeing the test given a fair trial. In the last resort it is finance that will bring this Government down, and either expose Labour as being a mere plagiarist of Conservatism or Liberalism, or else drive it into a final breach with the older parties in order to maintain its hold on its own supporters.

The financial problem before Mr. Snowden is alarming. There is within sight an increase of expenditure of fifty millions a year, not reckoning the automatic increases and the necessity that is on every Government that begins to use public money to buy political support by constantly increasing their bribes. It was as much as Mr. Churchill could do with all his ingenious expedients to balance income and expenditure. Mr. Snowden, with ever increasing demands on him and much greater rigidity in his financial methods, will be forced to impose new and heavy taxation. If this necessity is escaped in his first Budget it cannot be postponed beyond the second, and then the real issue will be joined. Nothing is more probable than that the next election will be fought on a Socialist proposal for heavy new direct taxation to finance projects which are supposed to be popular.

They are wrong who concentrate their attacks on the Socialist theory of nationalization and state-ownership. The tendency of thought is in the direction not of transferring the ownership of industry, but rather of redistributing by means of taxation the ownership of the profits of industry. That came out very clearly in the debates on the Widows' Pensions, which Miss Susan Lawrence defended as a measure for the equalization of incomes. To this policy Conservatives must be prepared with an alternative financial policy; a mere negation will not do. The key to political power is in the hands of the enormous middle classes between trade unionism and the ownership of industrial capital. No one knows how they will go. Disorganized as they are, they still represent an immense voting power which can definitely turn the scale one way or the other. If Mr. Snowden could capture them, the future is black for the Conservative Party; if they are alienated by Labour, that party is at its zenith and its decline is inevitable. That is the real issue that is behind all the conflicts of our domestic policy.

Even in external affairs in which Labour has scored its successes there have been set-backs of late, of which India is the most conspicuous. The clear issue in India, which the complications have not succeeded in disguising, is between the stark abstract theory and the patient building with facts which is the distinctively Conservative contribution to politics, between imposition of political formulæ on a country—the mathematical school of political thought characteristic of the Liberal creed in its heyday—and what Major Walter Elliot has called the biological theory of progress. In essence, therefore, the principles at issue in India are not substantially different from those of our home policy, and here Labour will sooner or later have to make a choice between



being a plagiarist of the other two parties and going over to those extremist courses where it can find at once a clear differentiation from the older parties, and risks which in India are capable of assuming tragically dangerous form.

Nor is Mr. MacDonald's American policy quite free from danger, for admittedly it has a vast and very deep-rooted national prejudice to surmount. As his statement this week made quite clear, the real subject of his conversations with President Hoover was the freedom of the seas, or as he prefers to call it belligerent rights in war-time. This subject was wrapped up as carefully as possible, and it was associated with a revivalistic fervour of maintaining the peace between the two countries. Every Englishman, without distinction of party, will say Amen to all these aspirations. But when we leave these high emotional issues and try to express what we are after in specific political proposals, no one realizes more clearly than Mr. MacDonald himself how delicate the problem is, how carefully it has to be approached, and how a single indiscretion might destroy the plans that have been so carefully prepared.

There is an immense amount of explosive prejudice lying about whenever we make a near approach to the problems of seapower. The danger was revealed in the caveats and doubts that Mr. Lloyd George entered on Tuesday after Mr. MacDonald's statement. He chose the wrong time, as the majority of the House realized, but it will not always be the wrong time. And those who are nearest to the centre of politics realize that even in that branch of the Government's policy, our desire to establish a complete *entente* with America and to banish the idea of war between us even from thought, on which there is complete unanimity here, there is hidden the possibility of disaster.

## BOOK PRICES AND CIRCULATING LIBRARIES

A LEADING firm of London publishers has recently found it necessary to meet complaints from circulating libraries by reducing the prices of certain books, after issue, with the prospect of consequent loss on their publication. But obviously neither Messrs. Constable nor any other firm can adopt as a policy the issuing of books below a profitable price; and we are astonished at the general assumption that it is for publishers to lower their prices, regardless of cost of production, instead of for the circulating libraries to amend their system so as to be able to afford highly priced books.

Wont and use apart, is there any reason why circulating libraries should deal with their customers on the basis of fixed subscriptions? We cannot think of any other business in which the wants of the customer are limited by the supplier instead of being sedulously stimulated to the maximum. The greengrocer does not accept a subscription on the potato and cabbage basis, explain to his customer that early asparagus cannot be included, and invite asparagus growers to sell below growers' cost in order that the lamentable situation may be alleviated. He sup-

plies anything and everything that is available, at prices yielding profits to the growers and to himself, and rubs his hands joyously when a customer develops expensive tastes. What is there to prevent the circulating libraries coming into line with other suppliers?

An entrance fee or deposit they must demand, as security against the return of books, but why should they not for the rest proportion their charges to the aggregate published price of the books taken out by the customer? The more expensive the tastes of the customer, the better for them. But that is not the only argument for the change suggested. Books can be published at relatively low prices only when there is some chance of a fairly large sale, and, excluding books which appeal to the bibliophile, books at relatively high prices can be issued only if there is an adequate demand from the circulating libraries, since books costing over a guinea are borrowed rather than bought. If the circulating libraries make it impossible to issue serious books of limited appeal at the prices originally affixed to certain volumes by Messrs. Constable, the majority of such books simply will not be published, and literature will suffer.

To suggest that the public would not stand any change in the system is unreasoning pessimism. Within the memory of people hardly senescent the public stood three-volume novels at 31s. 6d. the novel, and the 6s. novel, now 7s. 6d., came in only in the interests of "best sellers," in an attempt to get past the circulating libraries to the purchasing public. The public will acquiesce in almost anything except the total denial of books it wants to read and cannot afford to purchase. If the existing circulating libraries cannot give it those books, there will sooner or later arise some new circulating library willing to do so, at proportionate charges. Meanwhile, we venture to point out to the circulating libraries that the discouragement of demand is not a commercially sound policy. As it is, they fail to secure many potential customers because people uncertain of their requirements or their movements grudge plumping down a substantial subscription. If they are also going to set up a boycott of inevitably expensive books, they will lose most of their actual customers to the first concern that sets out to give every reader what he wants, provided he pays for it.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

THE political banquet this week has been so gargantuan that only the unimpaired digestion of a new Parliament could survive it. And the *plat du jour* for Thursday and Friday must have given any impartial observer food for anxious foreboding. For on these days the second reading and the financial resolution of the new Widows' Pensions Bill were passed.

Here (leaving aside provisions which correct minor anomalies in the Act of 1925) stands revealed the method by which the Labour Government propose to apply Socialist theory in Britain. The State will not control the production of wealth. It will merely redistribute by legislation the national income. Some 500,000 widows by whom or for whom no contribution has ever been paid are to receive, in ten years, £81,000,000 of

that income which the rest of the community has made. Thus by precisely similar principle does the Bolshevik Government proceed when it allows the Russian peasant to cultivate the soil and then seizes the crop. No plea of need was advanced. The hardship to be remedied is emotional, not economic. It is the distress felt by Mrs. B (who has no contributions to her credit) when she sees Mrs. A (who has such contributions) receive in return ten shillings a week. Envy, not need, is to be assuaged. Nor was that all. Again and again, the debate was degraded by threat and counter-threat of the "popularity" the Bill would produce and the "unpopularity" which the exclusion of the spinster and the widower would involve. It is long since a first-class measure has been discussed in the House with so complete a disregard, by all parties, of the larger objects and wider outlook of statesmanship. They were two gloomy days for the reputation of the democratic Chamber.

Nor did the speeches lighten the sense of depression. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Kingsley Wood were not at their best. Mr. Arthur Greenwood, who, as Minister of Health, introduced the Bill, is dyspeptic in appearance and pedagogic in manner—a distressing combination which his occasional outbursts of rather flimsy vehemence do not redress. And Miss Lawrence, for all her massive intellect and oratorical gifts, adds to debate little *joie de vivre* as, rubbing her hands with almost ghoulish glee, her deep and hollow tones echo round the House like the voice of a banshee in a vault.

On Monday, unemployment schemes. In the glum silence of his supporters Mr. Thomas disclosed the fact that he had nothing to disclose which could materially improve employment in the months—or even years—immediately ahead. Then, when Sir Laming Worthington-Evans had made some appropriate but conventional comments, the drama began.

Mr. Lloyd George, "registering" the vigour and statesmanship with which the Liberal Party would tackle the problem, was at his best—varied, witty, authoritative—and while his speech lasted the House forgot, in the golden voice, the feet of clay. But it was Mr. Maxton who struck the deepest note. A figure of doom, he laid bare the agony of disappointment which now gnaws at the heart of the millions buoyed up at the Election by the wild promises of Labour. It was a great artist converting his bitterness into a masterpiece. For a great artist Mr. Maxton is. His art is that of the etcher rather than the orator. The sure and significant strokes, the furrows where the acid bites, the sombre depth, the strength and the terseness recall the method and the work of the etcher, and the House derives from him the pleasure which a masterpiece of Rembrandt or Cameron gives the connoisseur. Not that Mr. Thomas can have derived much pleasure from this particular example of Mr. Maxton's genius, for the plate, on this occasion, was his own back and, as the steel pointer scored its ruthless lines and the acid burnt, one could almost see the flesh shrivel and shrink. But Mr. Thomas has pluck and no sound escaped him. At the close of the day the fire of debate leapt up again when Major Walter Elliot and Sir Oswald Mosley crossed swords. But still Mr. Maxton's speech dominated the scene and the real, though invisible, contest was between the Robespierre and the Talleyrand of the Labour Party.

Mr. MacDonald's statement on his American visit, followed by a debate on the negotiations with Russia, occupied Tuesday. The statement, though marred by an occasional descent into bathos and decorated with phrases suggestive of the sugar ornaments on a

wedding cake, was good. Mr. Baldwin's half-dozen sentences were better and it was left for Mr. Lloyd George to indulge, most inopportunistically, his taste for international mischief making and for Mr. Jack Jones to turn what was, to his leader, a great occasion into a roaring farce.

Two admirable maiden speeches, by Mr. Noel Baker and Mr. Marjoribanks, greatly attracted the attention of the House, while Mr. Boothby, in the reasons he gave for supporting the Government on their Russian policy, expressed the views of not a few Conservatives, some of whom at the Division went into the Government Lobby. More might have done so but for the spirited speech in which Sir Austen Chamberlain wound up the debate for the Opposition and the quite dismal failure in reply of Dr. Dalton, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Thus ends, it is to be hoped, the influence of "Jixism" on the official actions of the Conservative Party, which, for at least the last five years, has been almost wholly injurious to its position in the country and the House. Of the day perhaps the best that can be said is that it afforded two opportunities of hearing Mr. Baldwin and that at its end he was firmly established in the admiration and respect of the new House.

After these clashes of arms, Wednesday, with its peaceful babble of private members' motions brought calm after storm. Good speeches, indeed, were delivered by Mr. Morison, the new Minister of Transport, Major Glyn, and Lord Balniel; but, for the rest, all day long undistinguished orators caught the eye of the patient Chair. To-day, no doubt, 'Hansards' are being assiduously posted to local newspaper offices, but though—judiciously compressed—they may yet reappear in provincial *Journal* or *Advertiser* to gladden relatives and encourage supporters, history, it is to be feared, has already dropped the whole of these effusions on mining accidents and transport nationalization into her waste-paper basket.

FIRST CITIZEN

## WHERE IS CONSERVATISM GOING?—II

BY HAROLD MACMILLAN

IT is not possible, in the course of a short article, to do more than indicate certain directions in which I should be glad to see Conservative opinion moving; and perhaps it is not desirable at the present moment that anything in the nature of a set "programme," in the ordinary sense of the word, should be adopted by the party.

It seems to me that there are three chief classes of problem which await solution. First, we require a more efficient and a more economic organization of our industrial system from the purely technical aspect. Secondly, we need to recognize the fundamental causes of the unrest and lack of cohesion among the personnel of the system. Thirdly, we must at all costs devise a means of expanding the markets available and securing to our own industry the greatest possible share of those markets. That is to say, there are three great aims upon which Unionism must concentrate—the modernization of our economic methods, the humanization of our industrial relations, and the expansion of our foreign, and primarily of our Imperial, markets.

Modernization, or rationalization, clearly cannot be achieved by any universal specific. The chief objection which we, as a party, very properly have to the Socialist panacea, is an objection which holds good



against any panacea. So diverse are the varying conditions of different industrial enterprises, that it seems folly to suppose that the same formula can reasonably be applied to all. But do not let us, in our anxiety to rebut the Socialist generalization, fall into the same error ourselves. All of us know only too well the time-honoured arguments for and against public and private enterprise respectively. It is not uncommon to hear the same dialectical batteries brought to bear on the occasion of every debate on these matters without reference to the real facts in question. Surely Conservatives can well argue against Nationalization as a general condition of industry without being led into the absurd position of denouncing any and every form of public enterprise. We all know in fact that the public utility company, in its various forms, is eminently suited to all kinds of undertaking. Let us determine to apply a purely realistic standard, and in each case have an open mind. If, for instance, we think that a public corporation, on the lines of the Port of London authority, would be a good model for the coal industry, there is no reason why we should not urge this particular solution of the coal problem. If we should find, on examination, that either a complete national combine, or a series of large district combines, would effect substantial savings and largely increase both the selling and producing power of the industry, we ought not to be deterred from the experiment merely by a blind adherence to "Private Enterprise" as if it were a kind of religious dogma.

Similarly, if it should appear on enquiry—as I personally think it may well do—that a system of national marketing under Government control is the only possible hope for the agricultural industry, let us boldly adopt this plan. If we should find that the steel and cotton industries can never be satisfactorily reorganized without Government assistance and interference, why should we be held back from an attempt to deal with these basic trades on what may perhaps be somewhat novel lines, simply because of the Victorian tradition against all Governmental interference? But because we might be led to adopt drastic measures in particular cases, we should not therefore wish to employ them universally. All that I plead for is that we should re-examine all these matters in a new spirit, without prejudices and without *a priori* theories, determined to apply whatever remedies may emerge as likely to prove beneficial in each particular case.

Similarly, when we have to deal with the human side of industrial relations, can we not face the facts without attempting to obscure them? We know that industrial peace and good-will between the various parties concerned in industry is the general rule. War and ill-feeling are the exceptions. But do not let us hide from ourselves the truth that a deep and general disharmony exists in our national life, which the technical developments of modern industry have done much to enhance. In many industries the old relations between "masters" and "men" are no longer possible because both have become so numerous. The old iron-master or cotton-spinner or shipbuilder is no more. He has made way for countless holders of ordinary shares, preference shares and debentures. At the same time, while this process of growth has year by year tended to harden and de-humanize the relations between employers and employed, the great development of political democracy has aggravated the spiritual unrest among the working classes. The same individuals in whose hands complete political power now rests are industrially impotent, except through the machinery of their trade unions, and, while politically masters of the national fate, have no recognized position in the industrial organization by which they live beyond that of hired workers.

Here, again, the old doctrine of non-interference is inapplicable to modern conditions. Let us recognize

that the nation as a whole must take its part in the establishment of a more satisfactory and more workable system. Let us realize that the comparative calm which we have enjoyed during recent years may be a truce rather than a peace—or at least a peace of exhaustion rather than a peace of reconciliation and good will. If we can—as I think we may—devise a better structure, let us embark with free minds upon that task. It may be that the development of the Joint Industrial Councils, with statutory powers and the prestige that statutory recognition gives, is the possible solution. It may be that works councils and the direct representatives of the workers on boards of directors will be the means. In some industries co-partnership, in others gain-sharing; in others the principle of the public utility company, limiting profits and prices; in others actual association of the trade union movement itself with the direction and control. Along these lines, can we not devise and prepare a definite programme, which will commend itself to the main body of the electorate, holding ourselves free from the extreme prejudices of Individualists and Collectivists alike?

Finally, we should hold ourselves free to consider the question of the extension of our markets without being tied by the pledges or the prejudices of the past. We have long held, as Unionists, a position of particular responsibility with regard to Imperial matters. We have defended the Imperial idea when it was unpopular; we have a splendid tradition of service to the Empire. But we cannot conceal from ourselves a certain feeling that we have failed in recent years to make the best use of our opportunities. In the Crown Colonies we have an immense estate to be developed, and we could probably do more to solve the unemployment problem at home by expenditure on the estate than by any other means. We have a duty to perform in reminding the working-class electorate of the close ties between their own interests and those of the native races whose future is in our hands. And if we can make the worker realize this truth we shall begin to hear less of that sentimental defeatism which is really a Liberal and not a Tory or even a Socialist tradition, and was in any case one of the luxuries of a more prosperous era.

With regard to the Dominions, ought we not to aim equally at close economic relations, and ought we not to be free to strengthen those relations by any means that may be mutually agreed upon? In some cases the tariff may be the weapon; in others combination, either for production or marketing or both. But in any case, the dominating motive which should guide our efforts ought to be a determination to increase the size and effectiveness of our economic unit. We may some day have to make a choice between a European or an Imperial *Zollverein*. Can we doubt where, if such a choice had to be made, our interests would lie? And as a part of such a policy, the development of a strong and permanent inter-Imperial machinery for consultation should be brought into being. The success of the League of Nations lies largely in its permanent secretariat. The British Commonwealth of Nations has in the Empire Marketing Board the germ of such an idea. One of the most important steps which ought to be taken is to strengthen its personnel and extend its scope.

I have left, of course, vast questions untouched. I am conscious that my treatment of the great problems to which I have referred is cursory and crude. But I only plead now for a new determination to undertake their scientific examination without fear or bias. Working-class opinion will soon be disillusioned; the glamour of Socialism will begin to fade. Let our ambition be to provide an alternative faith, by the formulation and dissemination of a doctrine which shall be at once national, modern, audacious, and democratic.

(Concluded)

## LORD D'ABERNON'S DIARY

By A. A. B.

**L**ORD D'ABERNON has had a varied life, and he is perhaps the most versatile and accomplished public servant now living. After Eton and a few years in the Guards, he spent nearly twenty years of his youth in Eastern Europe, and when it comes to diplomacy and finance there is no place like the Levant for sharpening your wits. He was Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank for eight years, during which there were two Kaffir booms and a slump, and Sir Edgar Vincent, as he then was, wisely made hay while the sun shone.

At this period of his career he was spoken of in Paris as "*un homme très intelligent*," and in French the adjective has a slightly different meaning. In 1897 he exchanged banking for politics, and the House of Commons, where he represented Exeter for nine years, was the scene where he played the least successful of his many shining parts. In truth, Edgar Vincent was too cosmopolitan and too unprejudiced for the trammels of British party politics. He had not his brother Howard's hearty grasp of clap-trap, and he was too good a judge of works of art to be impressed by the clumsy plausibilities on the Front Bench. But he became a trustee of the National and Tate Galleries, and during the war he fulfilled many important functions. In 1920, Mr. Lloyd George, then on the crest of his wave, had the happy inspiration, in the midst of many blunders, to appoint this finished man of the world, perfect linguist and born financier, to be, under the title of Ambassador, the kindly and understanding nurse of Germany during the four years of her financial agony.

Never was a Prime Minister's choice more amply justified and more richly repaid. The Germans were in the trough of their sea. They were sore, suspicious, misunderstood, bankrupt, buffeted and reviled by the French. The arrival of Sir Edgar Vincent in Berlin with his hospitality, his beautiful and stately wife, his knowledge of their language and literature, his grasp of their frenzied finance, was "the balm of hurt minds." Nobody, not even the British Ambassador, could make pieces of paper into solid gold, or the French reasonable. But what sympathy, clear-headedness and patient reasoning with folly on both sides could do, that Lord D'Abernon did, with the result that he saw the Germans through their worst hour in 1923, and that during the six years of his healing mission he never made a mistake. He is entitled, if ever man was, to call himself "An Ambassador of Peace," for he has reconciled the two virile nations of the world, the English and the Germans, and if the temperament of the French renders appeasement less complete that is not the fault of Lord D'Abernon.

This second volume,\* dealing with the years '22 and '23, cannot be otherwise than tiresome and generally unintelligible to the average reader. "Valuta" is not the ground note—that might be tolerable—but the main theme; and currency is one of the subjects which nine men out of ten do not understand, and with which, as I am in the majority, I shall not trouble my readers. It will be enough if I quote the fact that in 1923 it took eighteen million marks to make a pound sterling, and that in order to pay for a ticket on the railway or at the theatre it was necessary to employ porters to carry baskets full of the requisite amount of marks. Sir Edgar Vincent, who, in the intervals of his first-class golf and tennis, proved that he was a financial expert to whom technical details were familiar, kept hammering into the German heads

that stabilization of the mark was the only remedy. It came at last at the end of '23, just before the fall of Poincaré, and its effect was magical.

Two things emerge from Lord D'Abernon's account. One, that the German bankers and business men are not nearly so superior to ourselves as we thought them to be; Stinnes behaved like the muddle-headed bully that he was. The other fact, which Lord D'Abernon does his best to gloss, is that the French, led by Poincaré, were the cause of these years of pecuniary loss and discomfort. The occupation of the Ruhr was a scandal, and the British Government ought not to have allowed it, or the foolish occupation by British troops of Rhineland districts. The fall of Poincaré in 1924 produced a *détente*, and the subsequent recovery of Germany has been marvellous. But do not let us forget that it has been achieved by the repudiation of their internal debt, which ruined the *rentier*; and do not let us imagine that the French nation are satisfied.

Luckily for the general reader the volume is redeemed from dullness by gems of Lord D'Abernon's wit in personal portraiture scattered through its pages. There are shrewd and appreciative sketches of Lord Oxford and Mr. Churchill, showing how the first was temperamentally unfit for the conduct of a war, being generous and indolent, and how the second was unlucky with his policies, as in the Dardanelles, and only lucky in his fixity of official tenure. The picture of Bonar Law with Mr. Baldwin by his side is etched by a master needle:

Bonar Law sits in the arm-chair by the side of the fire, with one leg over the arm, smoking a pipe. Very easy, shrewd and simple. Calls the arm-chair "the old man's chair." Baldwin, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, sits by his side and does not say much, but gives the impression of a preternaturally sagacious fawn.

In the author of "Peace in our time" the fawn is plain enough: but where is the preternatural sagacity?

The elaborate study of the French character, its difference from that of the other Latin nations, Spain and Italy, and its fundamental opposition to the British character, is very interesting, and convinces me at least of the impossibility of the English and French ever acting together with real cordiality. I am surprised to learn from a cosmopolitan authority like Lord D'Abernon that the prevalent feeling among European Jews is anti-English. One knew that it was so in Russia; but if it be so in Germany and Europe it shows, as Lord D'Abernon says, remarkable ingratitude. There is not, he tells us, the slightest recognition of our Palestine policy, which proves its folly. Amusing and profoundly true is the comparative judgment of Jews and Scotchmen, who hate one another as brothers. "If you can't get a Jew, take a Scotchman as your partner in business," is Lord D'Abernon's serious advice. These plums of wisdom and of wit are well worth picking out of the suet of German finance.

## A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Oxford, November 5

**O**XFORD has once more assembled among defeats and discreditable victories. The Playhouse and the Oxford Subscription Concerts, which were both understood to be at the end of their financial tether last term, are temporarily salvaged, one by Mr. Fagan's hope and the other by Sir Thomas Beecham's charity. When these two enterprises vanish from Oxford (and hope and charity are not common enough to support them long) there will be nothing save the Bodleian and a handful of occasional lecturers to distinguish it mentally from any other Midland pro-

\* 'Lord D'Abernon's Diary.' Vol. II. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.



vincial town. In the meantime it costs just under £350 a year to believe that Oxford can support a repertory theatre.

The Playhouse has replaced the old cane chairs by seating accommodation, repainted its walls and issued a rather lengthy financial appeal, holding out hopes of substituting for the present building in two years' time a repertory theatre of "beauty, comfort and originality of equipment and design." If these words are intelligently and honestly used, Oxford will find in the Playhouse its first contemporary structure—a structure, that is to say, very different from the efforts of the long vacation. The remodelling of the "New Building" of Merton, the completion of the additions to Corpus, the high commercial block on the south-west corner of the Broad and the new Rector's House at Lincoln are all in those styles which the Oxford Preservation Trust accepts as "dignified and appropriate." The Rector's House at Lincoln is just sufficiently advanced to betray the spiritual bankruptcy of its design—a chaste design with unnecessary pillars still done up in brown paper, triple-arched little dirt-traps of windows and red bricks where they do not show.

To arrive after the beginning of the Michaelmas term and to see how thoroughly absorbed the new recruits have already become is an experience with a touch of nightmare about it. That the replacement of more than a quarter of the former undergraduate membership by strangers should make so little difference argues an acute and uncomfortable similarity between what is coming and what is going, a similarity broken by little more than alterations in faces and in names. For perhaps a fortnight the behaviour is not standardized; opinions are given that are not native to Oxford and about subjects not commonly discussed there; tradesmen are addressed in a normal manner, scouts treated as servants and Dons as masters, clothes worn and habits continued outside the normal course of Oxford conduct, states of mind retained that are incompatible with so entirely sociable and sheltered a way of life. But in a little longer they are lassoed with their seniors' haloes and seem never to have dreamt of any light less colourless and less unwinking.

Even the Oxford Preservation Trust has given its usual voluntaries. By way of persuading the City Council to adopt the new curved building line in St. Aldate's between Christ Church's property and the river, they have made one offer of £500 in part payment of the City's economic loss and another of compensation to the University. The new curved building line is designed partially to eliminate the unexampled squalor of this Ancoats slum. Or, as the *Oxford Magazine* puts it, "to add breadth and beauty to this entrance into Oxford." The only southern entrance into Oxford leading through Hinksey to Boar's Hill and Abingdon, this road is three times bridged within two miles of Carfax. It accommodates, besides the normal stream of traffic entering a large town, more bicycles than any other street in Oxford ridden fast downhill and concentrated at given times. The pavements are possibly half as narrow as they ought to be and the road possibly a third as wide. The local population, moreover, is housed in a way that makes them use the street as a playground and a club. From the enormous hoarding, where the road crosses the railway and Hinksey stream, lit up by an arc light so that even night cannot obscure it, and along to the car-park south of Christ Church that costs sixpence to turn round in, there is no entrance to Oxford to compare with it in dirt, in danger or in desolation. And it would be a little surprising to a

stranger to find the Oxford Preservation Trust associating itself publicly with the idea that it is economic to have slums and death-traps, noise and smoke, and ranging itself by the side of those who would have compensated the creators of such.

A body whose duty, however much it has neglected it in the past and attempted to delegate it in the present, is to preserve the amenities of Oxford has no need to be bribed for the belated and coerced performance of a niggardly tithe of it. Nor, if it were necessary so to bribe it, would there be any plain reason why a Preservation Trust should do it with money credulously given for more plausible purposes. The Trust, in addition, has associated itself with a protest—a pious habit, like ratifying a general understanding. The protest is against the ploughings up of land near Abingdon for an aerodrome, partly because of the general disturbance and partly, as Mr. H. A. L. Fisher points out, because in the event of war such a base would form a centre for enemy attack. Your present correspondent lacks for such people the subtle and intuitive thunders of his predecessor. He is able to imagine a craven England whose towns tried like maddened bullocks to butt off the presence of these danger spots, and to admire the dramatic possibilities of the idea as a basis of a Ruritanian novel. But to find it put forward and apparently well received in Oxford is too distasteful for prolonged examination.

The retirement of Dr. Pember from the Vice-Chancellorship leaves room for something more than the usual crop of personal regrets. Interest in the University business, competence to transact it and an urbane and felicitous manner vividly combined in a single mind made him an impressive figure. There was no honest and vigorous enterprise in the University from exploring Greenland to protesting against car-parks that could not rely on his support. He is succeeded by Dr. Homes Dudden, Master of Pembroke. The retiring Provost of Oriel, Dr. Phelps, has been replaced by Mr. W. D. Ross, the late Senior Tutor. These, together with the development of the new St. Peter's Hall, represent almost the total changes in the University as an institution—concessions to time so few and so grudging, so much less sweeping than other human institutions are forced to make, that one waits with trepidation for the sound of thunder on the left.

## CHIMNEY POTS

IT is the easiest thing in the world to complain of the lack of originality to be found in our modern urban civilization. It is a thing easy to do and it is very often done. You do not see men with fantastic hats walking in Great Portland Street. It is a rare man, even, who dares to sally forth in buttoned boots. No, our hats are all the same, our shoes are all the same, our socks are all the same (varied only in the gaping holes that acquaint shoe leather with soles and heels), and even upon occasions of great festivity the gaiety within our hearts finds outward expression in a regulation uniform, not of pink and blue, nor yellow and maroon, but of sober, serious, unvaried black and white. The world is standardized: there is no hope for the world. So sighs the pessimist. Yet an unhappy man will find unhappiness wherever he goes. Londoners are not unhappy people; they are always finding something to give them cheer; but I have often thought that they would be a deal more happy if they gazed more often skywards. They would discover that the forest of the chimney pots is the most original, the most unexpected, and the most refreshing sight in the whole Metropolis.

True inspiration is frequently unconscious. It is probable that the builders of the Gothic cathedrals did not realize fully what they were about. And it is certain that the setters up of London's chimney pots do not realize the bewildering complexity that they are for ever creating, the fantastica set above the slates. They do not see themselves for what they are, the instruments of Puck. Their work goes unheralded and unsung (except by the cats at night, who do their best, but never very successfully). It is, indeed, almost unknown, and it is a rare Londoner who can tell you the shape of his own chimney pots. Yet always these men are at work, creating and re-creating, setting aside the old and setting up the new, adding fresh twirls and flourishes, introducing refreshing new *motifs*.

If I push up my window and look out, there is an art gallery ever before me, a permanent collection whose selection committee must surely have been the staff of *Punch*. Originally, I can see, they were set in order by some architect lacking in vision, trained to stand in rows and asking if they please. But since then the spirit of Puck has been at work; the spirit of originality, driven from our streets and shops, has produced an efflorescence on the housetops. In a word, they are all anyhow. Their dressing would not satisfy a lance-corporal, let alone a sergeant-major. There are tall galvanized pipes that seem better fitted to a dug-out than a house. Some of these are bent sideways in the middle and have the appearance of drunken guardsmen trying desperately to hold their liquor, and not to appear in any way unusual as the Colonel swaggers by. One wears a kilt and another a tall bonnet with strings. And there is another, a near neighbour of mine, that gives the appearance of a pile of squat pudding basins placed one above another to dry after washing up.

When I first came to London I was a disappointed man. I came too late. All the wonderful things that I had heard of as a child, these things I saw, but all seemed very ordinary. There was indeed the river, a wonder hardly to be spoken about. But when I came to the Strand it seemed, on the face of it, a very ordinary street, not unlike a street in the Northern city whence I came. When I came to the Tower Bridge I found it sham Gothic, lacking all the magic of its picture-postcard representation. I found little comfort in the Zoo (although a keeper led me quietly behind the scenes and put a living boa constrictor into my hands: he must have known that I needed cheering up). Madame Tussaud's I found definitely depressing, not depressing in any thrilling sense, but wearisome because it was a collection of such ordinary folk. Almost every murderer in the Chamber of Horrors seemed like a chemist's assistant or a man who sold tea. Murderers are like that, perhaps, but another illusion was gone.

I had no illusions about Kew Gardens. I did not particularly want to see the place. Its name attracted me not at all. Yet eventually I went. I walked the length of the gardens and realized them to be the solitary one of London's set pieces whose reality far exceeded my expectation of it. Nevertheless, I would write, not of Kew, but of the journey thither. I travelled by the North London Railway from Camden Town, a long and winding journey, though an inexpensive one. And it was then that I became, as it were, a chimney-pot fancier. For it is a journey through Fairyland, not a sentimental fairyland, but a land of gnomes and elves and goblins and hobgoblins. The North London Railway is in reality an elevated railway. It does not go on iron props like the New York Elevated, nor does it make half so much clatter, but almost all the way it is lifted above the housetops. For many miles one can see the chimney pots of North London, see them in their truly

infinite variety. If you have an eye for these things I recommend the trip. It is (on a cheap day) the best tenpennyworth in London. And I feel that you, too, will become a chimney-pot fancier, a man who walks on tiptoe through the street, a man who is for ever discovering new things, who breaks out with laughter as he opens the window of his garret, or smiles cynically as his trained eye detects smoke making a secret passage through the pinnacle of a Gothic tower. Thus, indeed, we may catch many a steeple bending.

In America, I am reminded, there are no chimney pots. Somehow there would not be. I have never suspected the Americans of being chimney-pot people; they have sacrificed art on the horrid altar of central heating. At sea, however, most things are different and many things are better. At sea the chimney pot is recognized, saluted, honoured. When a friend returns from a voyage on a steamer you ask him many things about his ship: whether the food was good and what the purser was like: did they have horseracing and did the captain read prayers on Sunday: how much did they tip the steward and did they really think him worth it: was there a gymnasium and did they ever win the sweep? But eventually you can hold it back no longer, the one simple and supreme question that everybody asks about every steamer, the chimney-pot question, "How many funnels had it?" And it must be a very sea-sick or forgetful traveller who does not know the accurate reply.

H. G. G. H.

## DOCTOR HOW AND PROFESSOR WHY

BY GERALD GOULD

**W**HY do I behave as I do? The question has haunted me all my life. "Master Gerald," my nurse used to say, "I cannot think why you behave so"; and I was unable to enlighten her. Or she would say: "I cannot think what possesses you"—thus implying an explanation which is soft enough to soothe vanity, though not hard enough to withstand the siege of scepticism. It would be comforting to think that an evil spirit entered in and made an ass of one; but alas! one must take the hap of all one's deeds; one makes an ass of oneself. Possession is ten points of the law of living: and we, poor slaves of our own freedom, shackled to identity, are self-possessed.

Nevertheless, when I saw an article in a popular magazine, entitled 'Why You Cannot Help It,' and signed by Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, the hopes of excusability revived. I bring to my reading this perpetual willingness to learn. When I first embarked on the 'Phaedo,' I believed it was really going to prove the immortality of the soul. I was disappointed. I have always, in such expectations, been disappointed. And yet I remain as credulous and impressionable as ever. When I read statements that I can become young and strong in six days, without diet, exercise or harmful drugs, I believe it implicitly; and only an incurable dilatoriness—the other side of a rich and complex nature—prevents me from filling in my name on the dotted line, and getting a free booklet, post-paid and without obligation. Therefore, when I received Mr. Haldane's assurance that I could not help it, complacency fairly bubbled in my veins. I



regret to add that Mr. Haldane has let me down.

He is a very famous man of science, and brings to his popular expositions those qualities which the layman has learnt to expect from famous men of science—imagination, wit, breadth of view, moral vigour and zeal. I hope he will not think I suggest any gap in my very real admiration, when I say that I still find myself going to the poets for precision of fact and closeness of ratiocination. It would not become me to argue with Mr. Haldane on a scientific subject; and he appears to think that the freedom of the will is a scientific subject. I will not argue: I will only ask. And I will ask, not by way of exasperation, but because I want to know. My enquiries are not darts, but Dartlets.

"It has been shown," says Mr. Haldane, "that a man produces the same amount of energy, within a fifth of one per cent., as would a machine using his food for fuel." But how can it possibly have been shown? And what would it prove if it had? Mr. Haldane is a biologist, and I am an ignoramus; and no doubt he can tell me of a thousand tests for human energy, tests of which I do not know, tests of an unimaginable delicacy and ingenuity. But what conceivable test, what refinement of chemistry or machinery, will ever measure the purely spiritual energy I expend in marvelling at Mr. Haldane's argument? Perhaps that astonishment curdles my blood, strains my arteries, accelerates my pulse, induces fever or perspiration, and makes each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpoentine; and perhaps, if I were in Mr. Haldane's laboratory, he would measure up all these phenomena and reduce them to foot-pounds or calories. I do not know: it may be that such measurements are possible: it may be that such have been made. But what (I want to know) do they measure? They tell the physical results or concomitants of a spiritual or mental energy: what do they tell of that energy itself? Will you take the temperature of a dream, or sink a plummet in imagination?

Moreover, what analogy is there between the consumption of food by the human being and the consumption of fuel by an engine? If I were to die to-morrow and be buried in a Cambridge field, grass would be fed from my decaying flesh; and a sheep might eat the grass; and Mr. Haldane (who, I hope, is not a vegetarian) might eat the sheep; and so, in my modest way, I should become Mr. Haldane. There was a corpse that sang:

The Parson grows in grace;  
I am the grace he grows.

Thus stoked, Mr. Haldane might—who can tell?—grow less witty and imaginative—or more precise. At least I should have re-victualled him as no fuel re-victuals a piece of mechanism. My motor-car runs by petrol; but the petrol does not become the piston. I want to know whether there is any argument to be drawn from mechanics to the mechanic; if there is, what it is; if there is not, what the original statement means.

Mr. Haldane attaches enormous importance to the study which a German professor has made of the life-histories of "identical" twins. (This term, rightly stigmatized as inaccurate, is explained: "identical" twins "appear to be derived from the same fertilized egg.") The

German professor's book shows that in most cases, where one of a pair of such twins was criminal, so was the other, and usually in a similar way. "Differences of environment and freewill together saved only three out of thirteen twins from imitating their criminal brother or sister." So Mr. Haldane himself sums up: and though he is clearly not saying what he means, since "imitation" would itself be a factor in either environment or free will, what he does mean is almost equally clear. He means that nature is here proved to be stronger than nurture. One might easily argue about the alleged facts. But there is no need of argument; for the thing proved is a thing never denied. It is a commonplace that in certain extreme cases, especially when one is dealing with strong predispositions to mental or moral weakness, the harm appears to have been done from birth. So far from being the solution of the problem, this is one of the most perplexing factors in it. The difference between free will and determinism is that between having and not having a choice incompletely determined by nature and nurture combined. That all choice is very largely determined is another commonplace: what man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature?

Mr. Haldane argues from the twins that, by the accumulation of similar data, it will within a century "be possible to say with certainty that at least eighty per cent. (or some such figure) of these moral decisions that land us in gaol or otherwise are predetermined." "In fact," he adds, "every educated person will be substantially a determinist in ethics. . . ." But elsewhere he does, however involuntarily, betray an appreciation of the undoubted fact that mystery may be in the odd twenty per cent. (or some such figure!). Freedom is freedom, though—like all freedom—it is necessarily and strictly conditioned; just as a baby is a baby, though it is "only a little one." And *that* is the problem! Mr. Haldane talks about the "extremely difficult feat" of loving our neighbour: yet why difficult, if inevitable? He talks about "reforming" the criminal, about influencing human conduct by praise or blame! It is true he adds that these influences are only "part of the environment which determines our actions." But then, so is everything, in the wide sense, part of environment. My conviction of freedom, Mr. Haldane's conviction of freedom, are part of our environment. And *that* is the problem.

I must pause to ask pardon. I have broken my promise. I have abandoned the Dartle-ideal. I have argued. The truth is that—genuine as is my admiration for Mr. Haldane, and in particular for the humanity of the reforms in criminal legislation which he demands on the basis of his "determinist" theory—I do actively deplore his attitude towards philosophers. It is typical of the attitude assumed by many scientific men, and, until they grow out of it, they will make no serious contribution to the philosophical questions which they blithely tackle. "One of the real signs of human progress," says Mr. Haldane, "is that certain questions are from time to time taken out of the philosophers' hands and settled." If he were a little more of a philosopher, he would realize that a problem is not settled when it is stated, even if it is stated wrong.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims, responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*
- ¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

## LUNACY LAW REFORM

SIR,—The Royal Commission on Lunacy and Mental Disorder which reported in July, 1926, recommended that the *entire lunacy code be re-cast*, but although three years have elapsed their recommendations have not yet been adopted. The public are already aware of the possibility of sane people being incarcerated in asylums owing to an error in diagnosis, but prevention is better than cure, and one of the main objects of the National Society for Lunacy Law Reform is to secure the establishment of homes where patients who have broken down from nerve strain can be treated without detention, away from the control of the lunacy laws, and thus be prevented from becoming insane and having to be certified and sent to asylums. The early treatment without detention away from the atmosphere of an asylum is what is urgently needed to prevent people from becoming insane and to restore them to the community as normal individuals.

Where certification becomes necessary the utmost care should be taken to ensure that no patient is detained a moment longer than is necessary. The Royal Commission in their report state: "We feel that the ultimate safeguard for the liberty of the patients lies in the integrity of the medical man in charge and the vigilance of the visiting authorities" (pp. 72-73); and again: "A family may be reluctant to take charge of a relative who has been under certification and who has perhaps previously caused trouble in the family circle. That the latter circumstances prove an obstacle to discharge there is no room for doubt" (p. 74).

The certification of a man or woman is one of the gravest responsibilities a doctor can assume. Prison itself has no greater terrors and less finality than an asylum, and yet this power is in the hands of any young medical man as soon as he is qualified. Mr. Justice Marshall has stated that under the present lunacy laws there is always the risk of the person who is not insane being nevertheless subject to detention as insane. "Lunacy is essentially the province of the specialist, and to the specialist it should be strictly confined in order that public opinion may be reassured." Medical evidence should be given—not by certificate—but upon oath just as in any Court of Law, and the medical men should be subjected to cross-examination like other witnesses. In a comparatively trivial matter such as drunkenness no court would accept a certificate from a medical man that the accused was drunk.

As the law now stands any medical man can alone, on one certificate, send a man to an asylum without the intervention of any legal authority in the shape of a magistrate. If the urgency be such that only one doctor is available, then, at any rate, the person should be seen by a magistrate before being certified.

Wherever certification becomes necessary there ought always to be two doctors, and just as there are special magistrates appointed under the Lunacy Act, so there is no reason why doctors with special knowledge of mental disorders should not be found to be similarly appointed under the Act, so that one of them could always sign one of the certificates if this system were continued. In order to give the doctors certifying the protection they

require against actions being brought against them for wrongful certification, the proper remedy would be when possible for the person supposed to be insane to be brought before the magistrate and the doctors called on to give evidence on oath. In any such enquiry the person supposed to be insane should be afforded the opportunity of being represented by a friend or legal authority to protect his interests if he so desires.

There is one fact which struck Mr. Justice Lush at the time of the Harnett case as most extraordinary, viz., that an individual who is certified is not allowed to see his certificates and therefore to be made aware of the grounds on which he is supposed to be insane, and that it is not until after a person has been de-certified that he has the right to see the certificates which supplied the evidence on which he was sent to an asylum.

Nothing substantial can be achieved in the way of progress in the treatment of mental sickness until the recommendations of the Royal Commission are embodied in an Act of Parliament. Superstition should give place to sympathy, the idea of detention to that of prevention and recovery become the end and aim of treatment.

I am, etc.,

FRANCIS J. WHITE

National Society for Lunacy Law Reform

## ARABS AND JEWS

SIR,—In your issue of October 26 Mr. J. C. MacGregor makes in his letter the very strange remark: "Most people—and not least the famous Colonel Lawrence—know that our earlier promises to the Arabs were nullified by our later promises to the Jews (national home, etc.) as embodied in the Balfour Declaration of 1917." I am afraid that Mr. MacGregor does not know what "our earlier promises to the Arabs" were, otherwise he would not have made such a remark.

The promise was contained in a letter addressed by Sir Henry McMahon in 1915 to the then Sherif of Mecca, and it was of a conditional nature. Its purport was that Great Britain would be prepared, at the end of the war, to recognize the independence of such Arab territories south of latitude 37 as would revolt against Turkish rule. The Sherif of Mecca revolted, and was afterwards made King of the Hejaz. The Palestinian Arabs never revolted; they remained passive throughout General Allenby's campaign. It was not until 1921 that Feisal claimed that self-government had been promised to the Palestinian Arabs in the letter of Sir Henry McMahon, and when the then Colonial Secretary (Mr. Winston Churchill) explained to him that he was mistaken, he accepted his statement. Moreover, Sir Henry McMahon himself, in a letter written in 1922 to the Colonial Office, placed it on record that his intention was to exclude Palestine from the promise made to the Sherif of Mecca.

The only promise made to the Palestinian Arabs is that contained in the Balfour Declaration, namely, "that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." That pledge has been faithfully kept.

I am, etc.,

The Zionist Organization,  
77 Great Russell Street, W.C.1

ISRAEL COHEN

## A SCOTTISH HABIT

SIR,—Apropos of your article of last week, it is well that the English, who have so long credited the Scot with failings of which there is no evidence, are beginning to adjust their critical aim. Unjust impeachments in respect of parsimony and absence of humour



have been borne with admirable temper by a race whom no dullness of wit could have "hindered" from apt retaliation. The experience of one man alone holds within its limits instances more than sufficient to refute a charge of a graspingness that is little likely to be a characteristic of a high-minded and idealistic people. Yet a closer logic than that, indeed, puts the notion out of court. The Scot, observably, is meticulously honest, and it is a propensity with which avarice and penuriousness are wholly inconsistent.

It is not by any means so easy, however, to acquit the Scottish of the charge of mental arrogance. As an inward possession it is excusable when one thinks of the prevalence of genius, of superior mental vision, north of the Cheviots, even though it may seem to be not confined to those who furnish that genius or mental vision. The fault is not so much the Scot's sense of assurance in intellectual matters—for which he may have good reason—but his neglect to take those precautions against the appearance of arrogance in conversation with his peers that are a matter of course to the polished English gentleman. He neglects to lubricate his conversation with deprecatory parentheses and adversatives, such as are familiar in the urbane intercourse of the South.

In trying to account for this forbidding trait, one feels on insecure ground. The adverse surroundings and nurture of the main bulk of the Scottish population must be given, in justice, due consideration. It is an inhospitable soil, incapable of adequately requiting the labours of the rural population. There is a consequent inevitable drift into an intellectual life without the social intermediaries which are the usual course in England. This reflection, therefore arises: may not the palpable neglect of that external, which Southrons have always regarded as essential to the finish of an English gentleman, be due in a measure to a too narrow pursuit of intellectual aims for their intellectual value, in oblivion of the fact that they are intended, or *should* be intended, to be but ancillary to the attainment of those delicate refinements of intercourse that are indissolubly the property of character *totus, teres atque rotundus*?

I am, etc.,

17 Wakefield Street,  
Regent Square, W.C.1

LINDSAY S. GARRETT

#### THE NEW DESPOTISM

SIR,—The appearance of Lord Hewart's book is timely, for it coincides with a glaring instance of the disregard not only of the Houses of Parliament, but of every other authority. The Simon Commission was appointed by King and Parliament to enquire into weighty Indian matters. Long before the Report is published and without consulting the Commission, an insolent announcement suddenly appears that Parliament is to be ignored and that India is to receive full Dominion status.

And this is founded upon a preposterous edict, issued by Mr. Montagu at a time when our thoughts were directed towards anything but India. The force of juntos could no further go. And a Cabinet Minister actually invests himself with sovereign power and issues an edict to the "people" of India, making various promises in his own name. Surely after these sorry farces we might follow the example of Italy and Spain.

Incidentally we sacrifice India to this Moloch. Mr. Montagu continued to deluge India with blood and smash the Civil Service. The Service has recovered and is again being recruited from the best products of our public schools and universities. And now it is to be "Back to 1919."

Let Parliament resume its lost rights and put its servants in their proper places.

I am, etc.,

W. W. HIRST

New Oxford and Cambridge Club

## THE THEATRE

### HENLEY IN HAMMERSMITH

By IVOR BROWN

*Beau Austin.* By W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson;  
*Mr. Gladstone's Comforter.* By Laurence Housman;  
Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.  
*Gooseberry Fool.* By Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson.  
The Players' Theatre.

DISCUSSING 'Beau Austin' with some friends after the first night I was amused to hear the piece praised as a joke. There was justification of habit: our Riverside rites are rarely reverent, and we go West for a smiling civility. But to me it seemed as plain as could be that late Victorian romanticism was here speaking from its pulsing heart, and surely Henley's prologue can leave us in no doubt. It is solemn stuff, this prologue, with its house-agents' chatter of "Old-world courtliness and old-world bloom." Henley could obviously have made a fortune writing copy for "realtors." In 1820, we are led to understand, women were "Ladies first of All" and "Women and men were human to the core," a judgment whose precise value escapes me. And so this late Georgian offering is made:

A sketch, a shadow, of one brave old time;  
A hint of what it might have held sublime;  
A dream, an idyll, call it what you will,  
Of man still Man, and woman—Woman still!

Here are the romantic giants of the last generation working the "quaint-old" stuff for all it is worth, and the ungrateful youth of our time looks in smiling astonishment at the bag of lavender which is their labour of love and asks whether it is all a joke. Poor Henley, poor Stevenson!

The bold, bad, but ultimately penitent 'Beau Austin,' and the rare but "ruined" Dorothy Musgrave, of whom he ultimately makes an honest woman, are simply the figures of Victorian melodrama put into Regency clothes and thoroughly soured with the aforesaid "old-world bloom." When Dorothy is endeavouring to dissuade her chivalrous brother, Antony, from challenging the Beau, she addresses him thus:

... I brought you up, dear, nursed you when you were sick, fought for you, hoped for you, loved you—think of it, think of the dear past, think of our home and the happy winter nights, the castles in the fire, the long shining future, the love that was to forgive and suffer always—O you will spare, you will spare me this.

When Dorothy cries, "George Austin, I have been your mistress, and I will never be your wife," the Beau responds, "I will leave England, to-morrow—you shall be no longer tortured with the neighbourhood of your ungenerous lover. Dorothy, farewell!" Is this "Old-world courtliness" or Old Kent Road? It does not appear to have been a long journey from Tunbridge Wells to the Elephant and Castle.

Accordingly the crowds of intellectuals who flocked to 'Maria Marten' should not miss the Terror of Tunbridge Wells. Again the Beau should interest the very large public that has appreciated 'The Man with a Load of Mischief.' For the difference between the Regency fancy of Mr. Dukes and the Regency fancy of Henley and Stevenson is both profoundly informative and profoundly reassuring. Mr. Dukes invented for his piece not only a cynical theme appropriate to the road to Bath, but a style which had the right edge as well as the right elegance; the dialogue was firm as well as fanciful. The style adopted by the Victorian Romantics has a mushy pomposity; the dialogue suggests that Stevenson had taken one of the stickiest and most

unctuous of his essays and written it out in grease-paint instead of ink. But the method suits the matter, for the psychology of the piece is purely Victorian and the curtain goes down on wedding-bells, with the prospect of the hoary old seducer marching up the aisle and so onward, Christian soldier, to a little grey home in the west heavily furnished with mahogany and marriage lines.

Accordingly, 'Beau Austin' is very much a piece to be seen, for it illuminates many dark points. It shows once more the capacity for sentimental dithering latent in the blood-and-thunder school of which Henley was First Bull-roarer, and it also shows the contempt for the theatre which existed in pre-Shavian days. Not unjustly; for if the theatre insulted authors with its neglect, why should they not respond to its childishness by writing down to it and making what they believed to be pretty antics and noises as though to amuse a little girl? The queer thing is that Henley, as the prologue proves, thought the antics and the noises were really pretty. He sniffed the phrase "old-world" and was satisfied.

Of course, Hammersmith makes the piece decorative, and the "old-world" sentiments, well spoken, are music for the ear as the Regency scene is music for the eye. The acting of it, rightly serious, is mostly very good. Mr. Bertram Wallis, as the penitent profligate, is just the sententious Beau of the piece, all good looks and good intentions, a man with a load of missionary zeal. Miss Marie Ney achieves the miracle of making sincerity flash from the sentimental verbiage given to Dorothy and gives to tushery the emotional quality of tragedy, while Sir Nigel Playfair wrings laughs from the valet's humourless part with the diabolic ingenuity of a dentist who can extract invisible teeth. Moreover, Mr. Bertram Wallis is on view earlier in the evening as Gladstone in Mr. Housman's charming little picture of Downing Street on the night when the old pilot was marked down for the last drop. The great man cannot tell his comforter such uncomfortable things; John Morley must mix news with knitting for Mrs. Gladstone. The acting was not, I thought, at all easy or persuasive, but the little play carried its effects beautifully, perhaps because it so flatly declined to work up to any climax.

The Players' Theatre is a new subscription house with tiny but adequate premises at 6 New Compton Street and a mixed policy. The Censor's ban is *not* to be accepted as a guarantee of genius (an excellent innovation), and I presume that the first of Mr. Fernald's productions was chosen to reassure the timid who feared a new outlet for the exotic drama of ravings and rhomboids. 'Gooseberry Fool' is as honest a piece of normal English mummery as was ever put behind a curtain. Enter two runaway pairs of week-enders awkwardly caught in one cottage and a wistful clerk on the tramp; he intervenes as gooseberry, plays fool to their revels, is mascot to their merriment, and is left like an empty bottle on the morning after. One of the week-enders is an absurdly pompous author, and so the literary "shop" is opened for bookish rallery of the simpler sort. The characters are flimsy, but are equipped with a modest outfit of good lines. It is hard to find anything but negatives to say of this little charade, which is neither vulgar, nor pretentious, nor long. Unfortunately it is just the kind of piece that needs a faultless elegance of superficial acting amid the amenities of a large and comfortable theatre. Sincerity is safe at close quarters, and I expect Mr. Fernald's company to do better in more heart-felt matters. Paradoxically, the very small theatre does best in very large matters. Mr. Andrew Leigh has far the richest part as the little clerk and exploits it well, while Miss Margaret Baird is excellent as the Scottish maid.

## BROADCASTING

THE 'Points of View' series is ended and there can be few listeners who have not had their own vision clarified by these intensive and varied personal statements. The series has been of great interest and of great use: of interest, because it has brought us into contact with the minds of six of the most vital men of the age; of use, because it has led us to think along broad lines. In each statement, apart from details of a more personal philosophy, some principle has been involved, and to that it has nearly always been possible to attach one's readiest attention. Naturally antagonism has been aroused. But although we have been made to think furiously, in nearly every instance the point has been reasonably put—the listener has felt himself led rather than forced along the path. There has been, noticeably, no eloquence; none, that is, of the didactic kind, but only that eloquence incidental to and inseparable from the impassioned enunciation of a strongly held belief.

The last Point of View was Sir Oliver Lodge's, and his utterance was the most impassioned of all. He had clearly been moved by what others—Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, for instance—had said, and he stole some of Mr. Lowes Dickinson's fire in summing-up the contributions of former speakers. Part of his talk (and what a magnificent delivery, by far the best of the six talkers) was too headstrong, too wilfully dogmatic for me. But Sir Oliver Lodge's hard hitting and his outspoken manner never made me feel that he was out for effect, merely. His hope in mankind's future was at length found to be based on that imponderable, inexplicable quantity, faith.

On this there followed the final pronouncement of Mr. Lowes Dickinson. He had introduced the series in a talk which set a high tone. Here his task was more impersonal, in one way, for it consisted in appraising the work of others. He covered the ground adequately and in fine style. And although what he said was tinged with his own especial ironies and sympathies, it did not formulate yet another Point of View—which would have struck a redundant note. It was a wholly worthy exegesis.

From the coming week's programme (all 2LO unless otherwise stated). Sunday: Harpsichord recital, Violet Gordon Woodhouse (5GB), Bach Cantata, 'Sleepers Wake.' Monday: Play 'Journey's End.' Tuesday: Dr. William Brown on 'The Nervous System' (5XX). Wednesday: The Duchess of Atholl on 'The week in Parliament.' Thursday: Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott on 'What Our Great Grandfathers' Countryside Looked Like,' relay of speeches from the Peace Commemoration Dinner. Friday: Dr. Erna Reiss on 'Gertrude Bell' (N. of England), 'Germany and England'—a discussion between Count Harry Kessler and Mr. J. L. Garvin. Saturday: Brahms's Requiem from St. Anne's, Soho (5 GB).

CONDOR

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—193

SET BY THE ACROSTIC EDITOR

A. "Hears the hawk when Philomela sings?" Pope asks. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best Ode to a Nightingale by a Hawk, embodying an answer to the poet's question. Length limit, 20 lines.



B. In a South Sea island an orator quoted Hamlet's well-known exclamation, "What a piece of work is a man!" In the local newspaper's report of the speech the quotation read thus: "What a piece of pork is a man!" The proof-reader, perhaps owing to sub-conscious memories of "long-pig," had failed to detect the type-setter's unfortunate error. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best Set of Six original Distortions of Well-known Phrases, resulting from the substitution of One letter for another.

The attention of competitors is drawn to the earlier closing date of this week's competition, necessitated by the setter being abroad.

#### RULES

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 193A, or LITERARY 193B).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Thursday, November 14. The results will be announced in the issue of November 23.

#### RESULTS OF COMPETITION 191

##### SET BY GERALD BARRY

We offer a First Prize of Three Guineas and a Second Prize of One Guinea for a Ballade in lamentation over the repeated successes of certain SATURDAY competitors, with the refrain:

But give the other chaps a chance.

##### REPORT FROM MR. BARRY

A contributor has reminded me of the added difficulty imposed on the ballade-monger by a refrain that begins with the word "but." It implies a contrast or antithesis in the sense, of which it may be hard to find four variations. Some competitors sought to escape from this by varying the first word. There are precedents for this among the poets, but a rule is a rule, and I have had to deny these entrants the right to poetic licence and disqualify them. Reluctantly, in some instances, yet also, paradoxically, with a sense of relief, for it simplified an unusually difficult task.

I had hoped for some pleasing quips at the expense of the "regulars" and I was not altogether disappointed; some of the best of them brightened compositions not otherwise always up to the mark. This competition has proved again that SATURDAY competitors, though rivals for honours, are brothers under the skin. I wish I could take my own advice and give the other chaps a chance, but it was not to be, unless I were to fall to David Nomad's incitement to sharp practice. This competitor, by the way, may console himself for his non-success by noting that a good twenty per cent. of entries paid tribute to his famed calligraphy. L. F. G. would have won a prize for a delightfully witty ballade crammed full of personal allusions to other competitors had he not made the mistake of rhyming "chance" with

"occupants." Out goes he. H. C. M. sent in two good attempts, one in antiquated English that was amusing but broke the rule in the refrain. Gordon Daviot I welcome back; and Majolica deserves high commendation for a cheerful ballade with some exceptionally ingenious lines, which would undoubtedly have put him in the prize list if he had not changed a "But" to a "To" in the refrain in his third stanza. In other respects his was the best entry of all. Seacape inexorably ousts the other chaps and wins first prize. The second goes to Valimus, though I am distinctly unhappy about "year" and "where." Perhaps, after all, I am stretching a point.

#### FIRST PRIZE

I pay my sixpence, Mr. Barry,  
With eager hand on Friday night,  
Turn to the page, a moment tarry  
Under the standard's friendly light,  
And ever and again recite  
This melancholy utterance:  
"Ah, no! I think the winners might  
But give the other chaps a chance."

Alas! what profits me to marry  
This muse or that, unhappy wight,  
When every week I have to parry  
Thrusts from an armoury as bright  
As that displayed in my despite?  
I do not bid you view askance  
Those who know better how to write;  
But give the other chaps a chance!

It is not that I wish to harry  
Your feelings with a loser's plight;  
It may be that the posts miscarry  
The masterpieces I indite—  
Not masterpieces? Well, not quite!  
That may be an extravagance.  
Be just in your Olympian height,  
But give the other chaps a chance!

##### Envoi:

How many sinners you invite  
To join this altruistic dance,  
Not only seem to be contrite  
But give the other chaps a chance?

SEACAPE

#### SECOND PRIZE

Not without pain I make lament,  
Nor without trepidation dare  
To voice my peevish discontent  
That from the high judicial chair  
Week after week the judges spare  
A gracious and approving glance  
For C. G. Box: I own it's fair—  
But give the other chaps a chance.

The rules of our brave tournament  
Are quite, of course, your own affair;  
So academic argument  
Doubtless is neither here nor there;  
And if, with profitable flair,  
Pibwob and Seacape still enhance  
Their growing fame, I shall not care—  
But give the other chaps a chance.

I do not ask them to relent,  
That one day even I may share  
A Saturday emolument,  
Incredulous, half unaware;  
Nor wish your great ones elsewhere,  
That humbler men may break a lance  
For one brief happy Ralphless year—  
But give the other chaps a chance.

##### Envoi:

Prince, though in striving I despair,  
Turn still your gracious countenance  
On such as stand beyond compare—  
But give the other chaps a chance.

VALIMUS

## BACK NUMBERS—CL

THIS, the one hundred and fiftieth of these articles, is the last of the series. Various benevolent reviewers and readers have created an illusion that the series has been liked, and, with a willing suspension of disbelief, I have agreed to do another series over the same signature. It will have another title, will on occasion range much further back, and will usually take its texts from recent volumes of literary biography or criticism. So much for intentions. But I feel it incumbent on me to make out a case for continuance, and I think it may least embarrassingly be done in an apology for the form, a defence of bookish table-talk.

\* \* \*

They also serve who only sit and prate. Indeed they do, for all their appearance of idle garrulity over the walnuts and the wine. A reader or two may remember that in one of these articles I said poetry was always in danger from respectable, serious, talented writers with large unrealized themes and an air of being more important than the lyrist with a few songs. It is much the same with literary criticism. There are continually inflicted on us massive, documented volumes, out of the Americas of the Germanies or of native origin, which profess to be literary criticism and contain none. Many of them are taken very seriously, and he who produces three or four in a decade will find himself in a fair way to establishment as an authority. But literature is not dead matter for dissection by professors. It is passion, the ecstasy of thought, caprice, fantasy, wit, the heat in a man's blood, the chill with which, alone at night, he understands that he must be alone all his life: it is every prompting of the soul, the intellect, the body. It is to be studied, but only in the temper of those who make it, with their passion and their readiness to play with it. If a man cannot use the "little language" of lovers about it, he had better not talk big about it. If he cannot sit at table discussing Shakespeare with an eye on the better than musical glasses, or find Herrick in the wildflower fragrance of a fine Hock, he had better not discuss either anywhere else.

\* \* \*

Recall Rimbaud's aspiration towards Nature:

Et j'irai loin, bien loin, comme un bohémien,  
Par la Nature—heureux comme avec une femme.

Well, if a man can never go with a book "as with a woman," he should desist from lecturing people who can. He is an institutional person, and from such literature hides all its secrets, whereas some it condescends to confide to the mere gossip who talks literature as naturally as some people talk horse-racing.

\* \* \*

Bookish table-talk, the causerie, is a deliberate insult to the important ones of the earth, and one can never insult them too often or begin insulting them too young. Those thesis writers, who do not keep their work a matter between the incipient professor and the decayed professor, should be snubbed swiftly. Those elders who produce literary biographies in the style of public buildings should be continually irritated by the spectacle of bookmen who argue over literature as personally as over the merits of that cricketer whose name escapes me in the way that the King of Spain's name escaped Villon.

Literature, our talk will remind them, begins as a very personal thing, engendered in excitement, and it never becomes really respectable. To discuss Marlowe in the spirit of the gentleman who regards knowledge of him as mental furniture is not to discuss Marlowe at all. But that sort of thing is done every day with us, and it would seem all day long in America. Stranger things are done, in all solemnity. It was once my privilege to hear a woman graduate lecture the girls under her on the (conjectured) curriculum of the academy for daughters of gentlemen conducted by Sappho in the bracing climate of Lesbos. I am not inventing. That lecture was delivered, in perfect good faith, with the utmost seriousness, and to the best of my judgment it showed much knowledge of everything but the central fact of the situation.

\* \* \*

Now the bookish table-talker, the writer of causeries, may have his share of foolishness, but it will not take that form. He will be interested in literature as a human being, and will be aware that it is the expression of human experiences. At the same time, he will be devoid of that excessive solemnity which is the mark of the outsider. I gather from the public prints that the Zionists are not altogether at ease in Zion at the present time, so I will eschew the obvious tag, merely remarking that if men of letters and their fit readers cannot be happy and confident in the temple of literature, it is a very odd state of affairs. Reverence is one thing, the pulling of long faces quite another. Also, there is not one of us critics who has been charged by the Almighty with the task of grading all the world's great writers in order of merit. Our task is only to apprehend ourselves in reading them.

\* \* \*

To think vividly about literature is an exercise of the highest powers of the mind less noble only than the act of creating literature, but it may also be one of the finest of games. Of that game we have still living among us a most brilliant player, Mr. George Moore. Admiring him for much else, I confess myself positively fascinated by the way he has played it for forty years, delightedly watching the movements of his mind. It was a great day for him when he found Zola, a greater when he lost him. About Zola, as about nearly every major French novelist, about many painters also, he has had a variety of opinions, some of them brutal, some too hastily formed, some exquisitely right. He has never been a safe guide, but he has been endlessly amusing, and something more, for there are few stories of physical adventure to match the narrative of his hairbreadth intellectual escapes, few stories of amorous entanglement to set beside the record of his æsthetic liaisons. And because that can be said of him, I, who agree with him in little except his admiration of Balzac, of Landor, of himself, salute him as a prince of causeurs, a man who has done more for literary criticism than a score of average professors and pundits, more than any one other man of our time except the pure artists in criticism.

\* \* \*

It is a long descent from Mr. Moore to ordinary producers of work in this kind, but I am persuaded that in our degree we do something needing to be done. I am also persuaded that we prevent the doing of certain solemn and futile things that do not need to be done. And, anyhow, I have agreed to go on talking. Letters from readers informing me that my occupation is wholly futile will reach me too late to have any practical effect.

STET



## REVIEWS

## THE POET LAUREATE

BY T. EARLE WELBY

*The Testament of Beauty.* By Robert Bridges.  
Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

ABOUT thirty years ago, in a profound and subtly just appreciation of the lyrics of Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Arthur Symonds said that if the quality of that poetry, other than its qualities as art, were to be summed up in one word, that word would be "wisdom." But even that prescient critic cannot have foreseen the transformation of a poet of the order of Campion into a poet with something like the intentions of Lucretius.

The volume which now comes to us from Mr. Bridges has high value as the final commentary on life of a poet who is also a great scholar, a philosopher in whom Stoic and Christian doctrines have been brought into accord, very much a man and very much an Englishman. I will presently endeavour to examine it under that aspect. But it is the first duty of a reviewer to warn the public against approaching this long poem in expectation of the delight which the 'Shorter Poems' gave the more instructed part of the public. In a certain sense, 'The Testament of Beauty' is a failure, and that failure can best be defined through a statement of what seem to be its causes.

Though Mr. Bridges has written a considerable body of poetry in dramatic form, perhaps only once, with his situation given him, in 'The Return of Ulysses,' has he achieved drama. His long narrative poem, on the fable of Eros and Psyche, is a craftsman's task executed with grave grace, not the triumph of a "shaping spirit of imagination" in full exercise of its energy. And, to come to the point, it is only in the lyrics that we find him at the height of all his powers. They are lyrics in the strictest sense, comparable with the best things in the Elizabethan song-books, only with an infusion of something graver, a kind of moral beauty which may remind us of the early work of Milton. Now, all the probabilities are against a poet who has been fully himself only in strictly lyrical writing of that sort, proving capable of Lucretian expository poetry. In turning to his novel task, he is abandoning pure song for speech. His art has been the art of evocation, and he is undertaking statement. In his beautiful and famous *ars poetica* Mr. Bridges long ago bade his song be like a flower, like an air, and so his song was. Not an unrelated rapture, certainly, nor the trembling of the strings with one who, like Verlaine for instance, cares not what touch is on them so that it be into music that they tremble. Learning, philosophy, a morality at once severe and humane, were implicit in most of his lyrics, but his art was in keeping them implicit and now he would make them explicit. It would be astonishing if he fully succeeded.

But there is, I think, another reason for the partial failure of 'The Testament of Beauty.' No one can have studied the lyrics of Mr. Bridges closely without becoming aware that his is not the poetry of moods but the poetry of characters, of a very definite and settled character. The writer of such a poetry might conceivably give us a poem expressive of his attitude towards life as a whole, but is singularly unfitted by his characteristic virtue to depict the progress of his thought towards his eventual position. His preoccupation has always been with results, not with processes; and, with his feeling for the momentousness of right choice, he has been contemptuous of the adventure which, for another kind of artist, there may be in losing one's way by chance or out of perversity. It seems to follow that a poem of the sort to which 'The

Testament of Beauty' belongs when written by such a poet will not be "amusing" in Rossetti's sense. It will lack the comedy which is present in the normal pilgrimage, for this pilgrim values arrival to the exclusion of pleasure in the accidents of the journey.

But Mr. Bridges long ago earned the right to come to us wholly on his own terms. The weaker among us may mourn quietly that those terms include "loose Alexandrines" and some Landorian ingenuities of spelling, for an ear straining for metrical satisfaction is the less attentive to the meaning of the line, and an oddly spelled word starts out of the context to the detriment of the general effect. But these are trifles. Here is what one of the wisest of English poets has come to think, in the evening of his long life, on the greatest questions that can engage human minds. It is our privilege to be made familiar with the convictions which, in a degree hardly matched in literary history, have made the finest of his poetry. Thus presented to us they cannot have quite the worth they had when implicit in his poetry, but for all that they must matter much to us, both for the light they throw on his earlier work and for the light they throw on the path we ourselves have to travel.

Here, unquestionably, there is a treasure of carefully discriminated wisdom. If its quality is to be concisely defined, the epithet must, I think, be one which every critic has been wont to apply to the style of Mr. Bridges: it is temperate wisdom. A strange thing to find in poetry, for the wisdom of poets has usually been a perilous virtue, and except for Chaucer, who, however, has shrewdness rather than wisdom, I recall no English poet before Mr. Bridges with whom wisdom has not had its dangers. But, as we are reminded on almost every page of 'The Testament of Beauty,' wisdom is not a series of dazzling truths that may easily blind us when, on an earthly level, we endeavour to walk by their excessive light. He has pondered more than any other poet of our time on the conduct of life, on the just place of every passion in a wisely ordered life, and has attained to a poise, a reasonableness quite other than the man of the world's but at least as practical where comparison is possible. On an abstract consideration, wisdom of this kind is bound to be rather chill, but with Mr. Bridges it is not. There is nothing puritanical or, at the other extreme, morbid in his asceticism, which is really compounded of fastidiousness and of the athlete's disciplining of appetites prejudicial to fitness for the contest. Though he will have none but lawful delights, and those only in what he deems due measure, no poet of the period has more sensitive "nerves of delight." And then, explicit in this latest volume, implicit in his earlier work, there is his proud refusal to struggle after external achievement, in which there must always be something rather vulgar:

And if thro' careless eagerness I slide  
To some accomplishment, I give my voice  
Still to desire, and in desire abide.  
I have no stake abroad; if I rejoice  
In what is done or doing, I confide  
Neither to friend nor foe my secret choice.

The four books of 'The Testament of Beauty' are: a long 'Introduction,' with a fine passage describing the mood of his retrospect over his eighty years; 'Selfhood'; 'Breed'; 'Ethick.' At the outset the poet insists that the mind of man cannot be isolated from the other works of Nature:

not even his independence  
of will, his range of knowledge, and spiritual aim,  
can separate him from the impercipient.

And to this Mr. Bridges holds throughout. There is no spurious and bloodless idealism in his system of thought. The section entitled 'Selfhood' contains difficult matter not fully subdued to poetry. 'Breed,' with many Lucretian passages, and the strange description of Lucretius's argument as "slow-trooping,"

treats nobly of sex and love, and has one delightful touch of imaginative humour in the description of the ploughing machine at its noisy work, "and the dry grasshopper wondering knoweth his God." Finally, in 'Ethick,' we are given the climax of all seeking after wisdom, the attainment of friendship with God through the human and divine personality of Christ.

It is a long journey through the fourteen hundred lines of this poem; there are stony tracts; there is much up-hill going. And I will not deny that there are five or six moments when only the scholar's touch keeps one from wondering whether one is reading Mr. Bridges or the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Given the situation, a born and learnedly made lyricist attempting an expository philosophical poem, it would be unreasonable to complain of the shortcomings already noticed and tentatively explained. But it is not unreasonable to regret that there are not in this poem gnomic lines comparable with those of Blake or of Rossetti in his exceptional 'Soothsay.' And it is natural to complain that such a master of the unobtrusively novel epithet and phrase has given us here nothing even distantly comparable with the famous successes of his prime—"uncanopied" sleep flying from field and tree at dawn, the "soft, unchristened" smile of Eros, the willow in Spring with its "faint attire of frightened fire," the "dark and serious" angel charged with care of him. But here, all the same, is the final message to us of a rare artist in poetry who is also among the wisest of our poets. Clever fools, a breed that is not checked by birth control, may easily enough make game of it, but we others, readers of this paper and writers for it, who do not set up to be clever and are unlikely to be fools, will approach it as we would the unequal, in part unexact, history of a poet's mind written by Wordsworth.

## A GREAT GOVERNOR-GENERAL

*India Under Wellesley.* By P. E. Roberts. Bell. 15s.

THIS volume is of more than historical interest. It deals with a policy in relation to Indian States and Princes which has its reactions to-day. And it is permissible to believe that, as relations with those States furnished the crux of problems of India under Wellesley, so they are a principal factor in the political development of India in our time.

It was fortunate for England and for India that a Governor-General with the abilities and the character of Lord Mornington went to Calcutta in 1798. The fortunes of the East India Company were at a low ebb, and under less determined direction might have been brought to ruin during the next few years, when, as Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, wrote, "everything else was a wreck, and the existence even of Great Britain was problematical." There was danger both internal and external to British India. French power, supposed to have been finally destroyed at Wandewash in 1760, had regained influence through the military adventurers of that enterprising nation. Napoleon Bonaparte was dallying with the Sultan of Mysore, where a French colony had planted a Tree of Liberty and hailed as "Citizen Tipu" the most autocratic despot who ever sat upon a throne. In Hyderabad there was a centre of French intrigue, fostered by the celebrated François Raymond whose 14,000 sepoys carried the colours of the French Republic and bore its insignia upon their appointments. There British prestige had suffered a further set-back owing to the weakness of the Governor-General, Sir John Shore, in failing to support the Nizam against Maratha aggression. French officers in the service of the Maratha Chiefs had acquired not only political and military power, but the nucleus of an empire in the

Ganges-Jumna Doab, where under the ægis of Sindhia, Perron held virtual sovereignty over a considerable territory, and dominated the person of the blind Mogul Emperor.

From without invasion was threatened by Zeman Shah, King of Kabul, whose grandfather Ahmed Shah, founder of the Durani Dynasty, had sacked Delhi. Zeman Shah was intriguing with both Tipu and the Nizam. He had advanced as far as Lahore in 1796, and now proposed to invade the Punjab, overthrow the Sikhs, release the Mogul Emperor from Maratha domination, and finally, in conjunction with Tipu, drive the English out of India. As the author points out, we may be inclined to make light of the dangers from without. It is possible now to regard as chimerical the idea of a French invasion, conjured up by the imagination of Napoleon, who pictured himself on the road to India on an elephant, a turban on his head, holding in his hand a new Koran written from his own inspiration; and we may discount the Afghan threat, in the light of events. But these dangers were real to a man holding the responsible position of Governor-General at a time when Lucknow was a frontier city, and the Oudh policy was dictated by anxiety for the protection of the frontier, while the fear of French influence coloured all his thoughts.

Mr. Roberts, developing the subject from an exhaustive study of contemporary documents, relates with knowledge and insight the manner in which the Governor-General solved these difficulties. Throughout his pages appears the central figure of the great Marquess, depicted with a sympathetic appreciation of the character and genius of one of the noblest of Englishmen, whose administration he rightly terms "the most splendid and convincing instance in our history of a government autocratic and imperial in the best sense of the words." He finds it difficult to say "how far the success of the Marquess Wellesley's administration was due to his brother Arthur."

But while Wellesley trusted his brother's capacity and followed his advice in many things, his was the responsibility for the initiation and determination of the broad outlines of policy. One of the most interesting chapters of this book relates to the Court of Directors and Board of Control. The objections of the Court to the autocratic methods of the Governor-General were, no doubt, legally justifiable, but it was not for nothing that the natives of India thought the Company to be an old woman. And any attempt to govern India from Leadenhall Street, when communications took five or six months to cross half the convex world, would have led to failure.

His policy had been justified by time. He discerned what had not yet been grasped in England, that internal peace could be established and maintained in India only by a strong predominant power, able to prevent internecine wars and secure the peasantry in their peaceful pursuits. That is an historic truth, established by the experience of the Mogul Empire under Akbar and his successors.

The material extent of the achievements of Lord Wellesley is shown in the two maps in this volume of the India he found and the India he left. He had destroyed for ever the influence of France; allayed dissensions in the Maratha Empire, and saved Hyderabad from that predatory power. In fact, as Arthur Wellesley said after the Maratha War, the English were left in the most glorious situation; they were now "the sovereigns of a great part of India, the protectors of the principal powers, and the mediators by treaty in the disputes of all. The sovereignty they possessed was greater and their power settled upon more permanent foundations than any before known in India." He wrote to his brother: "You have consolation in the reflection that by your firmness and decision you have not only saved, but enlarged and secured the invaluable Empire entrusted to your Government."

R. G. BURTON



## WANDERING LIVES

*On the Stream of Travel.* By James Norman Hall. Chapman and Hall. 15s.

*Jogging round Majorca.* By Gordon West. Rivers. 12s. 6d.

*Times of Stress.* By Lionel James. Murray. 12s.

THE author of each of these entertaining books might truthfully say with Barry Lyndon, "It was in my fate to be a wanderer." Mr. Hall, who was born in a lonely little town on the prairie lands of North America, early decided that his destiny should be "to wander over the earth, in the flesh as well as in the spirit, as long as life should last." At the end he confesses, indeed, that the wanderings so brilliantly described in this volume have satisfied him for the present, and he has settled down in Tahiti, one of the bondslaves of what Stevenson called "the enchanted isles of Vivien." There, he assures us, is the best refuge in the world for all who suffer from what the ancients called "acedia" and defined as one of the seven deadly sins. Dante described it as a defect in seeking after what is truly good, and placed those who were expiating it on the fourth cornice of the mount of Purgatory. Mr. Hall thinks that it may be called "disillusionment," and states that those who suffer from it are the best conversationalists in the world. His "apology for idlers" is very attractive. So is his description of the adventures and travels which have finally taught him, like Robinson Crusoe, "to know the value of retirement, and the blessing of ending our days in peace." Perhaps the best chapter of all is that which deals with his most strenuous adventures, in the Air Force. The fascination of flying in warfare has seldom been so well described in so few pages.

Another refuge for those who profess the philosophy of *nonchaloir* is Majorca, one of the few places left in Europe where men still fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. Mr. West has also been a great wanderer in his time; he spent a year tramping round Italy after the war, and has since travelled widely, first as a journalist and then as a political investigator, both in Europe and in the United States. Now he is content with humbler modes and distances of travel. His description of a spring holiday in Majorca is very pleasant reading, and will make many long to follow in his footsteps. The idea of Majorca arose, not from memories of Hannibal or Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, but from asking Messrs. Cook for a list of places to which they had no tours. Even so, it was Mr. West's fate to have one day spoilt by a howling mob of Americans in motor-cars, "doing the island" while their steamer lay in port. With this dusty exception there seems to have been no flaw in the happiness so cheaply won.

Mr. West tells us that the cost of living at Majorcan country inns averages from four to five shillings a day, everything included, that the rooms are usually clean, the attendance delightful and the food good. A typical menu includes "steaming hot vegetable soup, a dish piled with lamb chops, fresh green vegetables, artichokes, beans, fried cabbage; then a mountain of oranges, fresh purple figs, red cherries and yellow nespis." Greatly daring, Mr. West elsewhere ventured on ink-fish—or octopus—and thought it rather like tripe. The excellent wine of the country is given without stint or charge. Mr. West's account of scenery and manners is attractive. Who would not wish to live in a land where even the gasometer is made beautiful with white and crimson ramblers?

Colonel James, who has wandered more widely still in the service of *The Times*, continues the very interesting account of his journalistic exploits which he broke off in the middle of the Russo-Japanese war. It comes down to his retirement from active journalism

in July, 1913, and we trust that he will later describe his experiences in the war, where he did things for others to write about. This volume begins with a thrilling account of the way in which the author evaded the Japanese censorship, disappeared into the fog of war, and emerged after three days to cable to his paper the first authentic news of the victory of Liau-Yang—"the longest description of a battle that up to the present time has ever been cabled to the offices of *The Times*." The story thereafter shifts about to India and Persia, Turkey and Morocco, the Balkans and Tripoli—even to the battle of Sidney Street and the human jetsam of the Embankment. It is always breezy and human, and we look forward with pleasure to the prospect of at least one more volume of this unconventional but very readable autobiography.

## UNEMPLOYMENT

*The Post-War Unemployment Problem.* By Henry Clay. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

AS a clear-thinking and practical-minded economist, Professor Clay has made for himself a solid reputation in the industrial world. He never considers economic data *in vacuo*, he has no particular axe to grind, and by avoiding technicalities he reaches a wide public. His present book is a closely argued work which examines the causes of post-war unemployment, criticizes the remedies which have been suggested or tried, and indicates a possible way out of the morass. It is a thesis of considerable topical importance.

A certain degree of unemployment is naturally inevitable, for no industrial organization can be perfect. In pre-war days the trade cycle, due to imperfect co-operation between specialists and imperfect anticipation of demand, was recognized as a natural phenomenon, but, as Professor Clay indicates, post-war unemployment is something entirely different. On the one hand it has special causes, the war-time interruption of the necessary adjustment to changing conditions abroad, the over-expansion of the munitions industries and the policy of deflation which led to the restoration of the gold standard in 1925. On the other hand, it has special features, its persistence and its concentration in the shipbuilding, coal, iron and steel,

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UP-TO-DATE—

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wool, cotton and linen industries. Obviously special measures are necessary.

Professor Clay has, therefore, no patience with those who think that industry can cure itself and he has no very high opinion of the remedies which have already been applied or considered. He has little faith in Safeguarding which, he thinks, merely diverts and does not add to the country's economic activities and which at best could only benefit one-fortieth of the workers. He does not think that the transfer of labour, whether to other parts of the country or to the colonies, is financially sound, and he stresses the further objection that the secondary losses caused by the depression are untouched. De-rating, he concedes, approaches the problem more nearly, but he suggests that firms and industries with some degree of monopoly will simply pocket the reduction in rates without lowering prices and that there will be little real stimulus to efficiency. Finally, Professor Clay does not seem to consider that public works can materially increase employment.

The essential point of Professor Clay is that production costs must be lowered, but he has nothing to say for wage reductions which, unless concerted, have no beneficial effect. He believes in rationalization. Capital, he recognizes, is essential, and he thinks much might be done if the banks paid as much attention to home industries as they do to overseas ventures. But, in view of the opposition of vested interests, he advocates compulsory rationalization allied to a system of public grants. For this step, which conflicts with the traditional individualism of English industry, he sees a precedent in the Railway Act of 1921, and he insists that the issue will arise at the end of the present year when the 1926 wage agreements in the coal-mining industry, the basic industry, come to an end. Professor Clay finds it hard to believe that some compulsion to reorganize will not then be applied.

On the title page of his book Professor Clay has placed the sentiment of Dr. Johnson, "Sir, you must not neglect doing a thing immediately good, from fear of remote evil." The principle is sound, for economic progress depends upon the successful solution of the problems at hand, and the situation is now so severe that Mr. Clay's ideas, however radical, must demand the closest attention of all who look at industry from the public point of view.

## THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV

*The Secret History of Henrietta, Princess of England, and Memoirs of the Court of France for the years 1688-1689.* By Madame de la Fayette. Translated, with an Introduction, by J. M. Shelmerdine. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

THE Secret History and the Memoirs of the French Court are among the lesser works of the author of the 'Princesse de Clèves.' The technique of the former is to some extent borrowed from the literary portrait which was becoming fashionable at the time. Of the materials upon which it is based we read that in 1664 Henrietta said to the Countess: "You write well: write, and I will supply you with plenty of recollections." It was begun, laid aside, taken up again, finally broken short by Henrietta's sudden death. We learn little of Henrietta's personal appearance. "Her beauty increased," but on account of her extreme youth and thinness Louis XIV declined to marry this daughter of Charles I, calling her "the bones of the Holy Innocents." Henrietta was also round-shouldered and her health was always bad. "At the bare sight of her," we read, "Guy Patin goes off into a dissertation upon the English

tendency to phthisis." On the other hand, there was general commendation of her moral qualities. Gentleness is the word most often used of her. Charm, intelligence and spirit are imputed to her in the Secret History and wilfulness under the name "majesty."

The Secret History has been criticized as frivolous, empty-headed, and insincere. It should, however, be remembered that the book was written to amuse the Princess. It is not, and hardly claims to be, a serious biography. Apart from the picture of Henrietta, it is of interest for its account of court life and court boredom. Further, in estimating the narrative, we need, as Mr. Shelmerdine warns us, to take account of the changed meaning of many of the words most frequently employed, as, for example, *galanterie*, which had not acquired its narrower significance. Sometimes Henrietta appears on the stage in a political rôle or some importance, as, for instance, when in the name of the French king she signed the secret treaty of Dover in 1670. Her unhappy life ended "with the suddenness of a thunder-clap" and poisoning was suspected, but those best qualified to judge, including Madame de la Fayette, disbelieved it.

Madame de la Fayette's Memoirs of the Court here translated represent the only surviving fragment of a larger work. They were written not to please a Princess, but the author herself, and possibly her more intimate friends. Humour, malice and ridicule are its marks. We have the French court's view of James II's exile, an increasingly undazzled vision of the French king and his glittering court. Of James we read: "There goes a very good man; he has renounced three Kingdoms for a Mass." The judgment is pointed but untrue, for even the Pope supported James's enemies. For the study of the court of Louis XIV, these memoirs, though below the greatest, have a distinct if limited value.

## THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

*Through Terror to Freedom.* By Stella Arbenina (Baroness Meyendorff). Hutchinson. 18s.

THE experiences which fell to the lot of Baroness Meyendorff during the Russian revolution forcibly recall many of the records left by the French aristocrats who were imprisoned under the Reign of Terror. Baroness Meyendorff, though of English descent on both sides, was born and educated in St. Petersburg, where her maternal grandfather had been chaplain of the English church for forty years. She married Baron Paul Meyendorff, of a Baltic baronial family—a fact to which her escape was ultimately attributable—whose portrait shows him to have been an extraordinarily good-looking young man in the white and gold uniform of the Imperial body-guard, while her book adumbrates his very engaging personality. Being in the Military Household, he was not allowed to go to the front—much to his indignation—and the early chapters of this volume describe war-life in the capital as seen from the entourage of the Court.

The really enthralling part of the book, however, begins with the outbreak of the revolution in 1917. There is a vivid picture of the Russian Mayfair on the night of March 11, a city of the dead, bathed in "an eerie ominous silence," awaiting the events which were to bring ruin to all and death to most of that brilliant society. The next day the streets were full of shooting, and soldiers were breaking into the finest houses to loot them. Baroness Meyendorff gives an admirable account of the way in which such an assault was defeated by her father-in-law, a distinguished old General with several bars to his St.



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George's Cross—the Russian V.C.—who was then chief of the Tsar's personal escort :

The old man was sitting at his writing-desk in his study when a group of soldiers barged in, with their caps on and smoking their vile cigarettes. Not paying any attention to the presence of my father-in-law, they began poking their noses into the cupboards.

"What's your regiment?" enquired the old man of the leader, looking up from his letter and pretending not to recognize the uniform.

"Preobrajensky," replied the soldier rudely.

"I don't believe it," said my father-in-law calmly, taking off the glasses he had been wearing and looking into the soldier's eyes. "I've seen many Preobrajentsi, but I've never known one who would come into a General's room with his cap on, or smoke in his presence."

The author herself was not wanting in dignity and calm courage, which bore her through the horrors of a rigorous and sordid imprisonment, admirably described. Her account of the Bolshevik tyranny, of the food shortage when diamond rings were bartered for meals and a sack of flour cost 5,000 roubles, and of her ultimate escape, is well written.

### MR. MILNE PROTESTS

*By Way of Introduction.* By A. A. Milne. Methuen. 6s.

MR. MILNE pays the poll-tax on wit. That tax is simply the refusal of a serious hearing. Who once has staged 'The Rabbits,' let him squeak for ever more. Who once has treated the middle-class to self-portraiture without tears, must never desert the urbane levity that set London smiling from the Laurels to Ivyholme. The laureate of the nursery must not dare to turn logician. And yet logician Mr. Milne can very well be. When he deals with Spiritualism he shows how eagerly would he sit down at a feast of reason, how stalwart a reveller would he be at the rational board. But if he writes a play which is of the most horrid and slaughterous nature or if he frames in drama an important ethical issue, people will talk to him of his "little play" as though it were another nursery trifle or fragment of pram-poesy; he may offer us blood-boltered fiction or stern logic about life and death, but the only answer will be a delighted smile. Murder? How quaint! Dear A. A. M.! Mr. Milne must grin and bear it, this endless grin of the Great Public when his name is mentioned. After all, there are financial consolations. Still, why should the victim remain silent? Mr. Milne does not thunder his protests; politely he moves a vote of censure on the party of belittlement.

It is good to have him grumble; he does it with such point and just enough passion. In this new volume he introduces many persons and many things, artists and authors and even the Truth about Christopher Robin; but we like him best when he is introducing a spiritualist's head on a charger and complaining that, when he does this kind of thing, everyone will think it to be a nice little bit of fun. Now that Master Robin is to pipe no more, we seriously hope that his father and lyricist will give us a 'Treatise on the Current State of Religious Belief.' There is every sign that he would do it extremely well; he knows how to handle dramatic critics and the demolition of a few bishops would be only work-before-breakfast. There are some signs of a renewal of pamphleteering; let Mr. Milne join in and break some heads. Meanwhile we have here a nice selection of his fancies and felicities as he wanders over cricket-fields, into the mind of Dr. Watson (for he is nature's friend and abhors no vacuum), through suburbia, and over the honours' list. But most we like (and wish to see more of) his argumentative style and application to philosophy.

### NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*The Man Who Lost Himself.* By Osbert Sitwell. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

*The Hawbucks.* By John Masefield. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*Death of My Aunt.* By C. H. B. Kitchin. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

*Something Attempted.* By Gerard Hopkins. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

ONE had always thought of Mr. Osbert Sitwell as a leader in the vanguard of modern movements, a true child of his age, an exorciser of unlaidd Victorian ghosts. They were his chief targets in 'Before the Bombardment'; the fury of his attack found them as palpable and insecure as so many Aunt Sallies. In 'The Man Who Lost Himself' he changes his period to the Present (later on to the Future) and his main theatre of operations to the South of Spain. But the characteristic phenomena of contemporary life please him as little as did the Edwardian epoch. He particularly dislikes its relaxations, whether athletic or intellectual:

When wealth was in the hands of the English, education for the rich was optional. Only games were compulsory. But the new rich in America have become rich so quickly that speed is to them a god, and every miracle a possibility. They believe in education for themselves as much as for the poor, but they expect to finish the process in a fortnight.

Among the passengers and tourists bound for Gibraltar he finds many victims:

The wayward menagerie . . . composed of the choleric military persuasion . . . with antiquated, yellowing white moustaches swaggering like torn regimental banners from their upper lips . . . their well-laundered wives, iron-marked, pressed and flattened . . . usually accompanied by a niece, Doris . . . two or three Hindus universally despised and thrust into a corner—although they, on their side, were very conscious of the loss of caste incurred by travelling across the ocean, especially in such company, and spent most of their time washing so as to avoid contamination . . . two intensely well-informed and much travelled American women . . . [who] spent most of their life nowadays in awarding the prizes for deck-games.

This is the old Mr. Sitwell, breathlessly enumerating the objects of his dislike, positive only in disapproval. Then comes a change, for the narrator likes and admires Spain, likes and admires the friend whose recovery from a break-down he is supervising—Tristram Orlander.

This breakdown was occasioned by an unhappy love-affair "that last surviving Victorian emotion, a 'disappointment,'" as he slightly terms it when diagnosing Doris. As the book proceeds it becomes evident that Mr. Sitwell is a man of many perceptions, but of few moods, approval and disapproval being the chief: and he presses his perceptions into the service of his moods. He is a passionate partisan. Spain—Spain unspoiled by the introduction of modern vulgarities—can do no wrong; he lavishes on Spain pages of faithful and exquisite description. Tristram—Tristram unharassed by Lady Ursula's domineering, stupid, conventional relations, can do no wrong; and for him the narrator feels a devotion whose sincerity vibrates through the pages of the book and humanizes it. True, this solicitude suffers alienation, but only after its object had been false to their common æsthetic ideals, had prostituted his talent and given up to commercial fiction what was meant for art. It seems hard to break off a friendship on such a plea. The narrator



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was a man who loved only where he could admire; and the weakness of the story seems to me that Tristram's lapse from his high professions, regrettable as it was, is a theme for tragedy: it does not sufficiently engage the emotions. Mr. Sitwell carries the thing through superbly; his analysis of Tristram's sleeping and waking terrors makes the reader tremble in his chair; the second appearance of the *döppel ganger* is entirely effective in its terrible irony; Tristram is magnified into a Faust. The force of Mr. Sitwell's intention almost persuades us that the punishment fits the crime, but not quite.

Carrie Harridew is a modern (or late nineteenth-century) Penelope, beset by importunate suitors, county gentlemen for the most part and keen riders to hounds, but among them a clergyman who talks like this:

"Miss Carridew," he said, stumbling on her name, "Harrie, which is the name I call you before God. I have long wrestled with this, which is too strong for me, not seeing my way, even as in a glass darkly. I have nothing to offer: no, though in the real sense I have all things. But it may be that by the mercy of God you may be drawn, you may be changed, you may be lit."

She had no wish to be any of the three, but pitied his tongue-tied distress. . . .

Tongue-tied! None of the characters is that; they talk with the utmost fluency. The clergyman expresses himself stiltedly, perhaps; the others have the very intonation of ordinary speech, though what they say is sometimes less like life than the way they say it. Most novels exaggerate the depth and strength and tenacity of human emotions. Not so 'The Hawbucks.' It is care-free and irresponsible; its snow-drifts are not fatal; its steeple-chase spills result only in a fracture or two; its hearts are too resilient to be broken. The candidates for Carrie's hand are ready to take "no" for an answer—all except Vaughan, the villain of the piece, who took more trouble to win her than all the others put together, and, I suspect, loved her more. Mr. Masefield, in his final bestowal of her hand, seems a little cynical—but he is in an impish mood: 'The Hawbucks' is farce, romance, adventure story—but no category quite fits it.

'Death of My Aunt' is a detective story, and yet that is a misnomer, for it is also a study—a brilliant, penetrating study—of life in a Midland provincial town. It aims at showing, without loss of verisimilitude, how a group of people, more or less closely bound by ties of blood and dependence, would behave when their rich relation, patroness, active tyrant and grudging benefactor died in their midst. The narrator, who is among the suspects, thus describes himself, with characteristic engaging frankness:

I have already shown myself to be possessed of many odious qualities. I cannot, without disturbing the facts of the story, conceal my greed, my indifference to other people's feelings and my interest in my own; my timidity, idleness and vacillation. I hope that I have not given the impression that my whole nature is summed up in these displeasing traits. But I know only too well, I have not so far been able to lay a fair claim to any admiration. Not one of my actions has been worthy of applause, not one of my thoughts has been illuminating in its grandeur. . . . My hour of heroism is long overdue. But I give no guarantee that, when it comes, it will not properly belong to the cinema or the lunatic asylum.

In most detective stories, be the crime never so frightful, the characters remain as cool as cucumbers; but in 'Death of My Aunt' the increasing tension of the situation communicates itself to the participants, especially to the narrator, whose "hour of heroism" is directly due to it. Mr. Kitchin's characters, despite the fact that their words and actions are often lit by fantasy, are really well founded in life, they respond and touch it at many

points; their aberrations proceed from excess of vitality, not from its defect. They could not act without a motive, or having one, not act. Whatever the stake, Aunt Catherine's money or Uncle Hannibal's love, they are ready to go to extremes. The tenacity of their natures makes them admirable material for a detective story; and I cannot praise too much the skill with which Mr. Kitchin has marshalled them, at varying points of vantage, round the body of the autocratic old lady, poisoned by her love-philtre. To me the story seems to have only one defect—the incident of the tree: a rather weak coincidence, without any "click" in it. Otherwise it is enthralling: one might say it sets a new standard in detective fiction. Besides the nature of crime, it illuminates many things: the patient persistence of the individual, for instance, crawling towards his goal, serving his private ends, fulfilling his secret nature against whatever lets and hindrances.

Mr. Gerard Hopkins has made an absorbing story out of unpromising material. Canadian-born, educated in America, puritan in conscience, liberal in opinions, the heroine comes to England and meets a lay clergyman, an undenominational "sky-pilot" whose early essays she had admired. She falls in love with her idea of him, then out of love with the man himself; a timidity verging upon meanness (very delicately brought out) in his nature, repels her. The ups-and-downs of their relationship are made to seem inevitable, not arbitrary. This is an achievement for any novelist, and makes 'Something Attempted' also something done.

## SHORTER NOTICES

*Big Game Hunting in East Africa.* By Kálmán Kittenberger. Arnold. 25s.

THE author of this book is a born hunter and naturalist, able to tell a tale worthy of a place beside the works of Gordon Cumming, Samuel Baker, and Selous. He undertook four expeditions between 1904 and 1914, to collect zoological material for the Hungarian National Museum, mainly in what was then German East Africa; but on the outbreak of war in 1914 he was interned in India. In 1925, when he had given up hope of again seeing the wonderful continent, he was enabled to revisit the scene of his early adventures.

Here are accounts of wonderful shooting by one of the coolest and most courageous of hunters. When the author was mauled by a lion, his experience was the common one that there is no pain on the first infliction of wounds. He notes the poor sense of smell possessed by the great carnivora, which hunt mainly by sight and sound; he tells of the attraction for lions of the head-lights of motor-cars, which lure them to their doom at the hands of those who are not sportsmen; and of leopards taking their prey from beside the camp-fire. Man-eaters were absent from the country where he hunted, and he is probably speaking from hearsay when he says that they are old or disabled animals, for this is not usually the case. One thing is certainly new; the author describes his experience of performing the Cæsarean operation on a dead rhinoceros, the young of which lived six days. The book is finely illustrated and contains a map of the country.

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fidelity, so the tales of to-day reflect the character of war-time and revolutionary Russia. The reader of these volumes can contrast these two epochs and their literary products. Mr. John Cournos in his Preface compares the stories of Isaac Babel, "the first Jewish writer to enter literature as a Russian writer," of which Mr. Graham also gives an example, with those of Gogol. He ascribes to them "an epic virtue which has not seen its equal since Gogol's 'Taras Bulba.'" But 'Taras Bulba' comprises not only a picture of Cossack life, it is inspired by an infinite pathos as well as a rollicking humour. Babel's stories are crude and mainly horrible; in place of old Bulba and his fine sons we get sordid characters of the Revolution. The post-war stories, although vastly inferior, paint the Russia of to-day.

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## THE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for November has changed its appearance but retains its variety of interest. Mr. Ogilvie describes the advances of surgery; Mr. W. J. Lawrence writes on the habit of ending Tudor plays with a prayer for the sovereign—he is in error in saying that royal proclamations ended with "Vivat Rex." Mr. Shepstone advertises the pleasures of steamship holidays; Miss Finlay gives some reminiscences of war work as a land-girl and a typist at the Peace Conference; Mr. Machray records his impressions of 'The Peace of the Balkans' and there are short stories by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes and Mr. Butler. 'Ebb and Flow' deals with France and America.

The *Nineteenth* has a paper commemorative of the centenary of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; a striking reminiscence of the career of Whitaker Wright by Mr. R. Belfort; and a just eulogy of 'The Shrew that Shakespeare Drew'—Miss Ada Rehan—whom no one that ever saw her could forget, by Mr. H. M. Walbrook. Mr. R. M. Fox shows some defects in present-day attempts at "Rationaliza-

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6. Here Samson journeyed, and here Light 8 met him.
7. Part ye the god of thunder from the writer!
8. As 'twere a kid, so Samson tore this biter.
9. Fair ladies held me bound in love's sweet fetters.
10. From earthen pot subtract the outside letters.
11. In this month Hecaliah's son looked sad.
12. Prescribed by doctors when one's throat feels bad.

## PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears.

## RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 397

S	tea	M
piT	f	All
E		Ighteen
J	or	Dan
E	mbry	O
A	ardwol	F
N	em	O
dinN	e	R
E	vange	L
D	etectiv	E
A	ffr	Ay
R	esurrectio	N
C	utlas	S

ACROSTIC No. 397.—The winner is the Hon. R. G. Talbot, 32, St. George's Road, Eccleston Square, S.W.1, who has selected as his prize 'Lord Grey of the Reform Bill,' published by Longmans and reviewed by us on October 26. Eight other competitors named this book, forty-one chose 'Memories of Four Fronts,' eighteen 'The Emperor's Tigers,' thirteen 'Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boris, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Miss Carter, W. W. Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, J. Chambers, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Dhualt, D. L., M. East, Sir Reginald Egerton, Glamis, Hanworth, T. Hartland, Iago, Jop, John Lennie, Madge, Margaret, Martha, Mastix, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, G. W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, Miss Moore, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Raalte, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Spyella, St. Ives, Stucco, Tyro, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—E. Barrett, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Maud Crowther, Ursula D'Ot, Ebor, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Gay, Mrs. Greene, W. E. Groves, James Hall, W. P. James, Jeff, Miss Kelly, Mary, H. de R. Morgan, Margaret Owen, F. M. Petty, Quis, Rand, Raven, Rho Kappa, Thora, Twyford, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Zyk.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Dodo, Dolmar, H. C. M., Reginald Hope, Hypo, Mrs. Lole, Lady Mottram, Yendu. All others more.

For Light 9 I cannot accept Emmanuel, seeing that Evangel means "glad tidings," i.e. the gospel. (Saxon gode-spell).

For Light 12 Resurrection seems much better than Reunion. See the Church of England Burial Service: "In sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life."

## THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE secret of the five per cent. Conversion Loan was well guarded, with the result that news of its advent came as a great surprise to the City, whose first knowledge on the subject was the announcements in the Sunday Press. That the Treasury in due course would have to issue some form of Conversion Loan to deal with the debt maturing next year: to reduce the floating debt and possibly to finance social schemes was a foregone conclusion, but the City had thought that no move in this direction was likely to be made until after the turn of the year, by which time, it is hoped, the Bank Rate will again be reduced. It now transpires that these surmises were incorrect. Why the present moment has been chosen is not known. Of recent years it has been the habit to issue conversion schemes at a comparatively low rate of interest, made attractive by their issue price, as it has been hoped that in the course of a few years money could be borrowed at a lower cost to the Treasury, and it was, therefore, not deemed desirable to peg British Government credit at too high a level for a period of years. This policy, apparently, has now been abandoned. Investors are being given the opportunity to subscribe for a British Government Loan, bearing interest at the rate of five per cent., with an issue price of 100, with an assured life of over fourteen years and a possible life of thirty-four years. While these terms may be disappointing to the taxpayer, on whose shoulders the cost of the service of our national debt falls, they certainly should be welcome to the investor, inasmuch as they present a unique opportunity for long-dated investment in the safest security in the world, showing a yield, which, even in existing circumstances, must be deemed generous. From the point of view of fresh money, therefore, the Conversion Loan should prove successful.

It will be remembered that the Treasury, if it so desired and were able, could redeem War Loan at 100 this year, or in any year up to 1947. Certain investors have, during recent years, grown uneasy as the date for possible redemption drew near, in case the Treasury suddenly found itself able to undertake so vast a task, with the result that they would be left to re-invest their money, which would lead to a reduction of income, as it was impossible to secure a level five per cent. yield from a long-dated security of this nature. To all such this new issue will be welcome. Unfortunately, however, they cannot convert their War Loan into the new five per cent. Conversion Loan unless at the same time they are in a position to lodge fully paid allotment letters covering a quantity of the new issue equivalent to the amount of War Loan they wished to convert. Trustees, who are desirous of securing a long-dated investment of this nature, will, therefore, be faced with the problem as to whether they should sell half their War Loan, and re-invest the proceeds of the sale in the new five per cent. Conversion Loan, thus enabling them to subsequently convert the other half of their present holding of War Loan into the new stock, or acquire the conversion rights by market purchase. Their decision on this point will probably be influenced by the price of War Loan.

Personally, I think it improbable that the Treasury will be able compulsorily to convert the vast amount

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of War Loan five per cent. that is outstanding for several years, but the possibility does exist—remote as it may appear to-day. If, however, this switching over of War Loan to the new Conversion Loan causes the former stock to fall to much below par, there is no question that at this level it must make an excellent purchase. War Loan possesses a unique attraction inasmuch as its dividends are paid without deduction of Income Tax at the source, which concession is not to be granted to holders of the new Conversion Loan for amounts over £100. For this reason War Loan has always been a favourite counter with residents abroad, and there is no reason to assume it will lose its popularity. War Loan has been an extremely attractive investment, but there are many people who have not purchased it because it stands at over the redemption price, and a loss would be incurred if and when it was redeemed at par. If War Loan, however, remains below 100, this objection is immediately removed, because in addition to the fixed five per cent. free of tax there would be a small profit if ever it were paid off.

The lists for cash applications for this new five per cent. Conversion Loan opening on Friday, November 8, will be closed on or before Friday, November 15. It can be recommended unreservedly as a particularly attractive "safety first" investment. The only uncertain factor is whether investors will be able to purchase the stock at a discount after the market opens, a possibility that is enhanced by the amazing and unprecedented procedure that has been adopted in placing £30,000,000 of the issue with banks, insurance companies and others at 99½ as against the issue price of 100.

#### TRIPLEX GLASS

The recent report of the Triplex Safety Glass Company was a particularly disappointing document, a considerable sum having been lost at the Company's new factory. It will be remembered that in January of the present year shareholders were given rights to subscribe for new shares which were issued at £3 premium. It is now announced that a further 50,000 shares are being sold at 10s. premium, but shareholders are not being given the opportunity to participate in the issue. It is suggested that this position is hard on those shareholders who may have taken the shares early this year and be desirous of averaging their holding, while so far the name of the person or group who are taking these 50,000 shares at 30s. has not been divulged to shareholders. The Triplex Safety Glass Company should have a bright future, although one's confidence in the company is sorely shaken by recent results.

#### THE OUTLOOK

The surprising reduction in the Bank Rate last week caused a temporary wave of confidence to pass through the Stock Exchange, with the result that markets presented a firmer front than for some time past. The closing of Wall Street for three days also served as a useful period in which to allay a panic and to reinstate the confidence of American investors. The importance attached to Wall Street operations the other side of the Atlantic has been manifested by the amazing steps taken to strengthen stock market sentiment. While, admittedly we in this country have, fortunately, of recent years been immune from anything like the crash experienced in Wall Street recently, it is felt, no matter how severe a fall on the Stock Exchange might be, that steps such as the issue of a reassuring statement by the President of the United States of America, the support of the banks and the notification of buying from multi-millionaires, would not be experienced in this country. So thoroughly was the publicity side of the anticipated recovery carried out that even the British Broadcasting Company broadcast from 2LO on Sunday evening

#### Company Meeting

### SUDAN PLANTATIONS SYNDICATE

The Twenty-Second Ordinary General Meeting of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Ltd., was held on November 6 in London.

Mr. Alexander MacIntyre (chairman and managing director) said that the decision by Government to enlarge the Gezira Main Canal had made it possible to consider the immediate development of areas alongside the Sudan Government Railway to the north of the company's existing concession area. The proposed extension would consist of an area of about 80,000 to 90,000 feddans. In the opinion of the directors the land was not as good as the average quality of their existing concession area, but it might have some compensating features owing to its being situated further north and in a drier zone. After lengthy negotiations the Sudan Government had entrusted them with the extension on terms which they believed would compensate them should the cotton yield turn out to be below the average of that obtained on their existing concession.

Their gross profit was £353,000—exactly £100,000 more than in the previous year. The net profit was £356,000, which was £69,000 more than in the previous year. Out of that amount they had paid the usual interim dividend of 10 per cent. in July, and now proposed to declare a final dividend of 15 per cent., making 25 per cent. for the year. The payment of the latter instalment they proposed to postpone until January 15. They had so far done quite well in disposing of their cotton, but they were anxious to reduce their stocks still further before making that payment. Also a good deal of money outstanding on account of cotton sales would mature about that date. They were able to add a considerable sum to their carry-forward, which now amounted to £497,490.

Reviewing the field work for the past year, he said that the cotton crop amounted to 466,169 kantars compared with 347,402; the average per feddan was 3.54 kantars against 3.29. As usual, the whole of that crop had been shipped to England and the quality and classification of their cotton was highly approved of not only by the spinners in Lancashire but also by spinners in France, Switzerland, and the United States.

As to the coming season's crop, the latest reports indicated that, granted normal winter weather, prospects were quite promising.

With regard to the new Northern extension, they had already commenced the development and canalization, and orders had been placed for ploughing machinery, irrigation pipes, and the necessary building material. They hoped to complete before July 1930 the development of about 40,000 feddans, which would add during the 1930-31 season 13,000 feddans to their present area under cotton.

The chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts, which was carried unanimously.

## WEAR A FLANDERS POPPY



REMEMBRANCE DAY  
NOVEMBER 11th



HAIG'S FUND  
BRITISH LEGION

the news that American brokers were being inundated with buying orders for the markets opening on Monday. While the American market is likely to fluctuate wildly for a considerable period, it is felt that the amazing boom which has been raging for so long has spent its force, and in future stock market values in Wall Street will be influenced more by yield than has hitherto been the case. One result of last week's American panic is, unquestionably, the enhancing of the reputation of London as a financial centre, which was emphasized by the effect of the announcement that our Bank Rate has been reduced by one-half per cent. Conditions on the Continent are still considered, generally speaking, to be unpropitious, and further liquidation in many directions can be anticipated; for this reason the outlook for the London market remains uncertain.

#### RUBBER DEBENTURES

Although the rubber share market remains neglected, with quotations dull from lack of interest, sooner or later the price of rubber is likely again to draw attention to the rubber share market. To purchase first-class rubber shares at the present moment and lock them away for brighter days appears a reasonably promising proposition for those who possess the necessary patience and at the same time are justified in taking the element of speculative risk involved. Those, however, who do not wish to take the risk that a purchase of an ordinary share entails should not overlook the fact that certain rubber companies have issued during the last few years convertible debentures. These debentures show a yield of something between 6 per cent. and 7 per cent. and at the holder's option are convertible into shares over a period. Although the price of conversion in each case is higher than the present market ruling price, it is not at a level which cannot be greatly exceeded if and when the price of

rubber materially improves. Among these debentures attention is drawn to the 7 per cent. first mortgage convertible debentures of Laras (Sumatra) Rubber Estates which are now standing in the neighbourhood of 101, and Java United Plantation 6 per cent. convertible debenture stock, which is procurable at about the same level. Each of these appear well worth locking away for a year or two.

#### THE OIL MARKET

A very firm front has been presented by the oil share market during the recent period of depression, and although the Wall Street break led to a marking down of oil shares, prices in this market can be deemed to have remained extremely stable. It has been suggested in these notes in the past that in the autumn of the present year we were likely to see considerable activity in oil shares, and although recent happenings have so far stopped any such movement the very firmness of these counters appears significant. Such shares as Shells, Anglo-Persians and Trinidad Leaseholds appear well worth acquiring at the present level, to lock away for six or twelve months, during which period, it is suggested, oil shares will enjoy considerable attention.

Among the more speculative counters in this market, attention is drawn to Canadian and Mexican Eagles, and British Controlled. The shares of these three companies have been quietly absorbed during the last three months in large quantities by those closely in touch with the oil position, which prompts me to express the opinion that as a speculative purchase at present levels, they possess undoubted attractions.

TAURUS

#### COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the Twenty-Second Ordinary General Meeting of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Ltd.

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1944-1964

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On Saturday, 1st February, 1930. . . . . £90 " "  
£100 per Cent.

*This Loan is an investment authorised by "The Trustee Act, 1925," subject as regards securities payable to bearer to the provisions of section 7 of that Act.*

THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND are authorised to receive applications for the above Loan.

The Principal and Interest of the Loan will be a charge on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom. If not previously redeemed the Loan will be repaid at par on May 1, 1964, but His Majesty's Government reserve to themselves the right to redeem the Loan at par on any half-yearly interest date on and after May 1, 1944, on three months' notice being given in the *London Gazette*.

The Books of the Loan will be kept at the Bank of England. Holdings may be in the form of:—

1. Inscribed Stock "transferable in the Books";
2. Registered Stock "transferable by Deed"; or
3. Bonds to Bearer in denominations of £50, £100, £200, £500, £1,000 and £5,000;

and the several holdings will be interchangeable without payment of any fee. Stock will be transferable in sums which are even multiples of one penny.

Interest will be paid half-yearly on May 1 and November 1. A first payment of £1: 6s. 6d. per cent., will be made on May 1, 1930. Interest on Stock will be paid by warrants transmitted by post; Income Tax will be deducted from all dividends of more than £5 per annum. Interest on Bonds to Bearer will be paid by coupon.

Powers of Attorney, Transfers and Bonds to Bearer will be free of Stamp Duty.

This Issue will not be regarded as a "Loan issued for the purposes of the present war" within the meaning of Rule 3, Schedule C, of the Income Tax Act, 1918.

Applications, which must be accompanied by a deposit of £10 per Cent., will be received at the Bank of England Loans Office, 5 and 6 Lombard Street, E.C.3. In case of partial allotment, the balance of the amount paid as deposit will be refunded by cheque.

Applications must be for £50 of the Loan or for even multiples thereof. No allotment will be made for a less amount than £50 of the Loan.

The instalment due February 1, 1930, may be pre-paid after allotment under discount at the rate of £5 per cent., per annum; but in the case of full payments before December 2, 1929, discount will only be allowed from the latter date. Failure to pay, on or before February 1, 1930, the balance due in respect of an allotment will render the deposit liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

Allotment Letters, when fully paid, can be inscribed or registered; or they can be exchanged for Bond Certificates to Bearer with Coupon attached for the dividend payable on May 1, 1930. Bond Certificates will be exchangeable for Bonds to Bearer on or after April 2, 1930; or they can be inscribed or registered.

Until April 2, 1930, 5% Conversion Loan, 1944-1964, issued in respect of cash subscriptions will be designated 5% Conversion Loan, 1944-1964, "A"; but on that date it will be amalgamated with 5% Conversion Loan, 1944-1964, raised as the result of the conversion offer to holders of 5% War Loan, 1929-1947, set out in this Prospectus.

### OFFER TO HOLDERS OF 5% WAR LOAN, 1929-1947.

From January 15, 1930, to February 15, 1930, inclusive holders of 5% War Loan, 1929-1947, may surrender their holdings, in whole or in part and receive therefor an equivalent nominal amount of 5% Conversion Loan, 1944-1964; provided that at the same time they lodge for exchange into Stock or Bond Certificates, fully-paid Allotment Letters of the present issue to a nominal amount of not less than the nominal amount of the 5% War Loan surrendered by them.

Holders of 5% War Loan, 1929-1947, who wish to convert under this arrangement, must lodge their applications together with the corresponding fully-paid Allotment Letters of the 5% Conversion Loan, 1944-1964, as follows:—

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. for the conversion of Stock inscribed<br>or registered in the Books of the | Bank of England:<br>at the Bank of England,<br>London, E.C.2.       |
| 2. do.  | Bank of Ireland,<br>at the Bank of Ireland,<br>Dublin:<br>Dublin.   |
| 3. do.  | Bank of Ireland,<br>at the Bank of Ireland,<br>Belfast:<br>Belfast. |

4. for the conversion of Bearer Bonds:

Five months' interest will be paid on May 1, 1930, on 5% Conversion Loan, 1944-1964, resulting from the conversion of 5% War Loan, 1929-1947. Interest on the 5% War Loan surrendered will cease on December 1, 1929.

Applications for the conversion of registered Stock transferable by Deed must be accompanied by the relative Register Certificates; applications for the conversion of Bearer Bonds must be accompanied by the relative Bonds from which the Coupons due December 1, 1929, must first be detached.

Inscribed or Registered Holdings will be convertible into Stock which will in each case be transferable in the same manner as the converted holding. Bearer Bonds will be convertible into Bond Certificates with Coupon attached for the dividend due May 1, 1930, or, at the option of the holder, into Stock "transferable in the Books" or "transferable by Deed." Bond Certificates and Stock will be exchangeable on or after April 2, 1930, for Bonds to Bearer.

Commission as under will be paid to Bankers and Stockbrokers in respect of accepted applications bearing their stamp, viz.:—

On applications to be paid for in Cash: 2s. 6d. per £100 nominal 5% Conversion Loan allotted.  
On Conversion applications . . . . . 2s. 6d. per £100 nominal 5% War Loan surrendered.

Application forms may be obtained, together with copies of this Prospectus, at the Bank of England; at the Bank of Ireland; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, Steer, Lawford and Co., 13 George Street, Mansion House, E.C.4; and at any Bank or Stock Exchange in the United Kingdom.

The List of Cash Applications will be opened on Friday, November 8, 1929, and closed on or before Friday, November 15, 1929.

BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON. 2nd November, 1929.

N.B.—5 per cent. War Loan, 1929-1947, of the Post Office Issue will not be convertible at the Bank of England; it will be convertible at the Post Office under the arrangements set forth in the separate Prospectus issued by His Majesty's Postmaster-General.

## Miscellaneous

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Gardens, London, W.1.

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university graduates with first-class honours in History or  
English. Experience in teaching will be taken into account.

For men the salary begins at £300 per year, and rises  
by annual increments of £25 to £700. There is a cost-of-  
living bonus, which at present is about £123 on a salary  
of £300. For women the annual salary begins at £250  
and rises to £550 by increments of £20. The bonus on  
£250 is at present about £111. There is a prospect, but  
no guarantee, of promotion to the post of Senior Assistant  
Director on a scale (for men) of £700 by increments of  
£25 to £900 exclusive of bonus. Assistant Directors are  
subject to the usual superannuation rules for the Civil  
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Candidates must be between 23 and 30 years of age on  
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## NATIONAL REVIEW

Edited by L. J. Maxse

NOVEMBER, 1929

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The Changing Face of England By Viscount KNEBORTH

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By ARTHUR KITSON

A Yorkshire View of "the Conservative

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